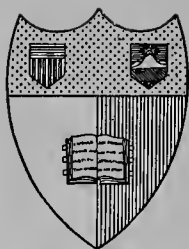


A decorative gold border with a central rectangular frame. Inside the frame, the title "DAPHNIS & CHLOE" is written in a serif font. On either side of the frame, a cherub (putto) is depicted in a dynamic, dancing pose, surrounded by floral and scrollwork motifs. The entire border is set against a red background with a subtle diagonal ribbed texture.

DAPHNIS & CHLOE





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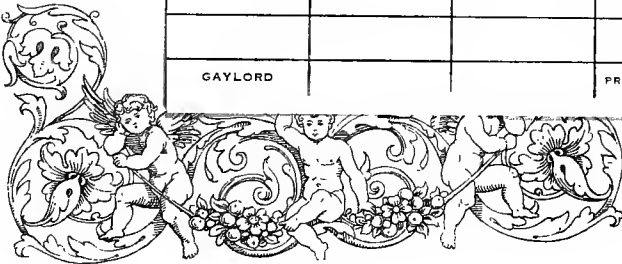
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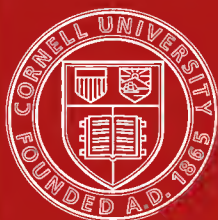
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DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE GREEK OF LONGUS.

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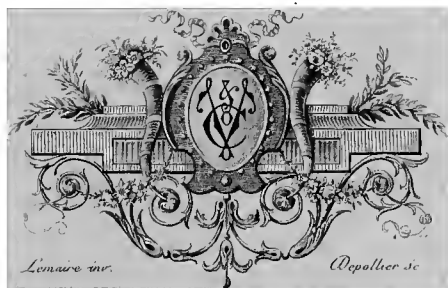
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DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

A PASTORAL ROMANCE :

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF LONGUS.

*ILLUSTRATED WITH COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS AFTER DESIGNS BY
PRUDHON, BARON GERARD, AND PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS,
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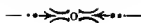
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PREFACE



ANY of the masterpieces of modern literature rest upon a classical foundation and it is not surprising that Bernardin de Saint-Pierre should have borrowed the idea of 'Paul and Virginia' from Longus's 'Daphnis and Chloe.' It has been remarked that, so far as moral tone and elevation of sentiment are concerned, there is some analogy between Saint-Pierre's renowned masterpiece and Dio Chrysostom's so-called 'Eubœan Story.' This may be admitted, but it is probably only a fortuitous coincidence, whereas the points of resemblance between the romance of Mauritius and the legend of Lesbos are so striking and numerous that the one can only have been based upon the other. Both tales describe the dawn and progress of love in the hearts of an unsophisticated youth and girl. In either case the budding sensations and sentiments of the lovers are the same. When Saint-Pierre describes Virginia awakening to a sense of the tender passion, he employs very much the same language as

Longus in regard to Chloe. No doubt this is but a repetition of the eternal theme, as old as the world itself; but, again, in regard to the simple lives led by the heroes and heroines of the respective tales, their rustic occupations and amusements, many striking points of resemblance may be traced. M. Villemain in his well-known *Essai sur les Romans Grecs*, has instituted an elaborate comparison between the two stories, and to this, the curious upon the subject may be referred. Villemain not unnaturally placed Saint-Pierre's romance above Longus's pastoral; but Goethe, it should be remembered, bestowed the palm upon the latter. However, whatever analogy may exist between the two stories, it is somewhat unfair to judge them side by side. In one important particular they are essentially different. The ethics of Longus's pastoral are pagan, whereas those of Saint-Pierre's narrative are inspired by the principles of Christianity.

Of the author of 'Daphnis and Chloe' very little indeed is known. Longus is not mentioned by either Photius or Suidas, who have preserved the names of so many Hellenic writers of romance, and some critics have assumed that he never existed, contending that a Greek author could not have borne a Latin name. From a remark prefixed to one of the most ancient manuscript copies of 'Daphnis and Chloe,' it would appear however that Longus did exist and that he was a sophist, one of those disputative philosophers who were distinguished for their subtleties and false axioms. There our information ends, meagre no doubt, but as full as that which we possess with regard to various other classic authors, whose names are equally famous.

In the original Greek 'Daphnis and Chloe' is written in an elegant but affected style, the author not only abusing of antithesis and reiteration, but frequently indulging in a play upon words, as is usual with writers of a period of decline.

These and other characteristics of the text have led critics to assume that Longus lived in the fourth century of our era, probably during the reign of Theodosius the Great. His tale would appear to have exercised considerable influence upon subsequent Greek romances, both in regard to incident and style; and it is also said to have suggested the modern pastorals, particularly those which appeared in Italy in the sixteenth century. On this last point critics differ in opinion, but Dunlop has shown that the argument against the suggestion, based on the fact that the Greek text of the tale was never printed till close upon the seventeenth century, is of very little weight; for a French version of the pastoral had appeared in 1559, and a Latin one had been issued in Italy ten years later. Moreover with regard to such pastoral pieces, either in the dramatic or narrative form, as appeared in Italy prior to 1559, it may be observed that manuscript copies of the Greek romance existed in various libraries, at Florence, Rome, and elsewhere, and, to these, such writers as D'Urfé, Montemayor, Beccari, and Tasso may possibly have had access.

With regard to its influence upon English literature, Dunlop has pointed out that there is considerable analogy between Longus's pastoral and Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd'—the plot of which was suggested to Ramsay by a friend who had derived it from 'Daphnis and Chloe.' It may also be mentioned that Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess'—which in its turn suggested many passages of Milton's 'Comus'—was indirectly derived from Longus, being based upon the 'Pastor Fido' of Guarini, which is known to have been borrowed from the Greek story. Chloe, a model of fidelity in Longus's narrative, becomes it is true a thorough wanton in Fletcher's 'tragi-comedy.' Indeed so far as the characters and incidents introduced into the two compositions are concerned there is little or no resemblance between them; nevertheless it is more than probable, that

but for the Lesbian tale, one of the most delightful pastorals of our literature would never have been written.

It was Jacques Amyot, afterwards Bi-shop of Auxerre and Grand Almoner of France, who first rendered Longus's story into a living European language. Since his time fifty editions of the Greek text and as many editions of translations in various tongues, have issued from the press, testifying to the interest of the work for scholars, and to its popularity among readers in all parts of the civilized world. Amyot's version, first printed in 1559, and couched in quaint yet graceful French, long enjoyed a high reputation among men of letters. Based however upon an incomplete manuscript copy of the Greek text it was necessarily imperfect, and the same may be said of all the other translations that appeared prior to 1809.

The first Greek edition of the pastoral—still incomplete but containing various passages that did not appear in Amyot's work—was published at Florence in 1598; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries numerous scholars of well-nigh every nationality in Europe occupied themselves in examining and comparing all the known manuscript copies of the work, and in editing improved versions of the original text. Still none of these were perfect, the narrative being interrupted in the second book of the tale by a *hiatus defensus* which it seemed impossible to supply. In 1809, however, Paul Louis Courier, whilst making some researches in the Laurentian Library at Florence, discovered there a manuscript copy of the story, containing the very passage which was deficient in all the other known versions, and the absence of which had for centuries excited the curiosity and baffled the learning of scholars. Courier's discovery caused a great stir in the world of letters, and many would have liked to verify it. But this did not prove practicable,

for scarcely had Courier transcribed the passage in question than he himself obliterated it by an unfortunate accident with his pen and ink.

Never did blot—a huge one it is true—provoke a greater outcry or more wrangling. Napoleon was at that time changing the face of Europe, promenading an ever victorious army from one capital city to another. But scholars paid little heed to the feats of the French arms. Their great concern was Courier and his discovery, and especially that terrible blot which prevented them from verifying his transcription of the Greek text. The wrangling lasted for many years; whilst the attention of the world was claimed in turn by Wagram, Moscow, and Leipzig, Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena, there were for Greek scholars but two subjects of interest—the pillage of the Parthenon by Lord Elgin and the blot which had obliterated that long missing passage in ‘Daphnis and Chloe.’

It is possible, of course, that Courier may have made some trifling mistakes in his transcription of the original; but that he was a first-rate Greek scholar,—and consequently fairly worthy of confidence in this matter of the obliterated passage—was afterwards shown by the skilful manner in which he remodelled Amyot’s translation of the pastoral—producing not only a more complete but also a more faithful French version of the work than any previously attempted. Nowadays this version of Courier’s is the one most usually read in France.

The story of ‘Daphnis and Chloe’ was first rendered into our own language by George Thornley as far back as 1657; in 1764 another translation of it was made by James Craggs, and in 1803 a third English version appeared—the work of the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, who issued it anonymously, with a dedication to Robert Bloomfield, author of ‘The Farmer’s Boy.’ It is upon this latter version that the present edition

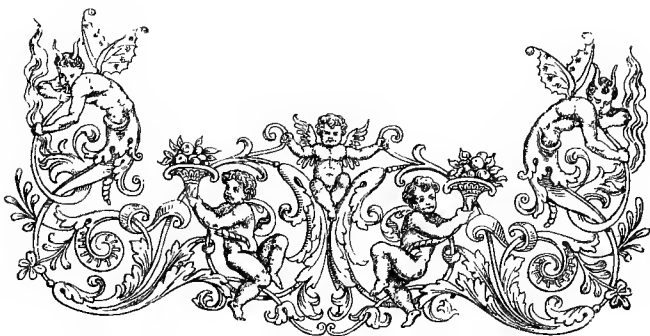
is based. A rendering of the fragment subsequently discovered by Courier has been duly inserted together with other passages omitted from the *Le Grice* edition, so that the story as here given will be found virtually complete. It may be mentioned, however, that the language of Longus has in certain instances, been very considerably chastened.

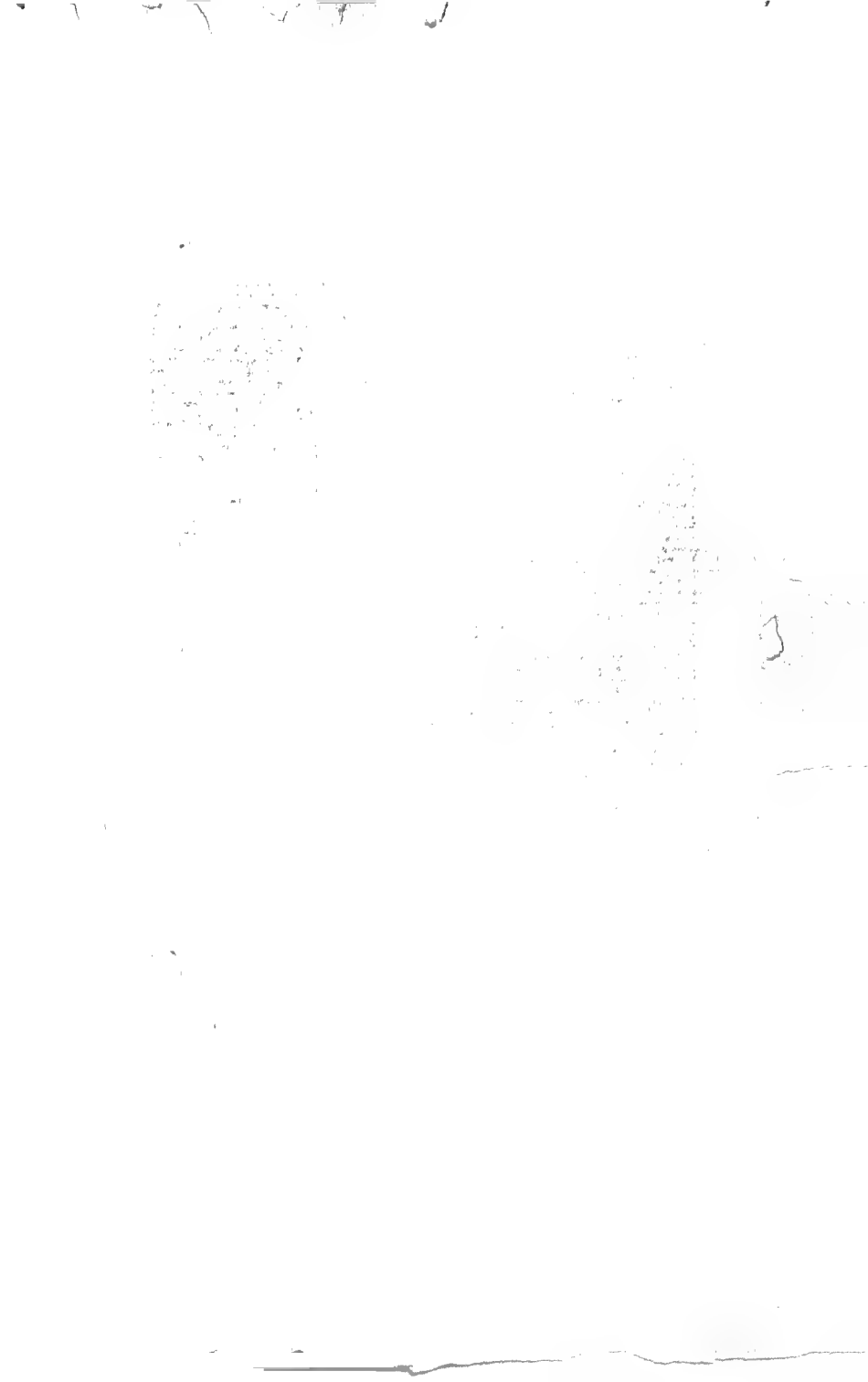
With regard to the illustrations of the present volume the page engravings are from the designs of the famous French artists Prudhon and Gérard, originally made for the 'Amyot edition' of the pastoral published by Pierre Didot in 1800, while the head and tailpieces are reproductions of the plates designed by the Regent, Philip of Orleans, for the edition which he caused to be issued in 1718.

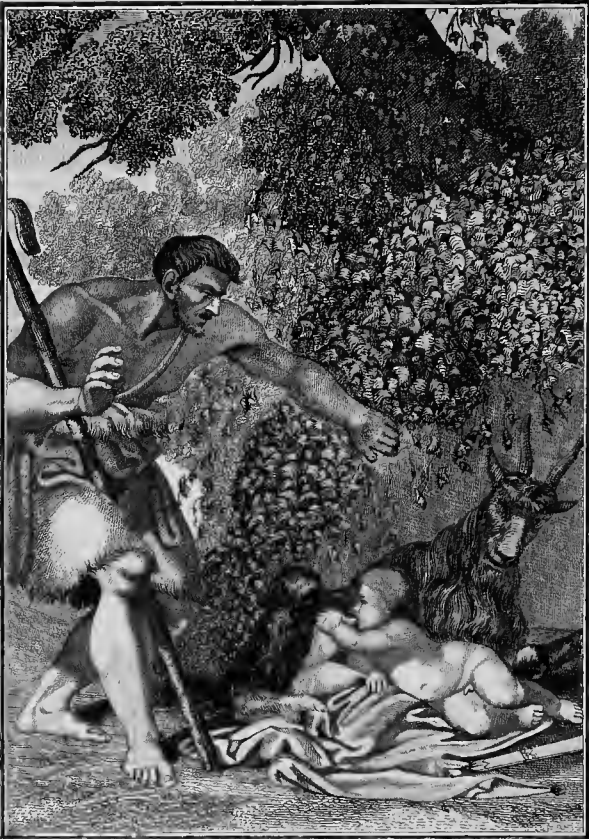




BOOK I







Prudhon inv.

Velard sc.



IN the island of Lesbos, whilst hunting in a wood sacred to the Nymphs, I beheld the most beautiful sight that I have seen in all my life—a painting which represented the incidents of a tale of love. The grove itself was charming; it contained no lack of flowers, trees thick with foliage and a cool spring, which nourished alike trees and flowers. But the picture was more pleasing than aught else, by reason both of its amorous character and its marvellous workmanship. So excellently was it wrought indeed that the many

strangers who had heard speak of it, came thither to render worship to the Nymphs and to view it. Women in the throes of childbirth were depicted in it, nurses wrapping infants in swathing clothes, little babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune, animals suckling them, shepherds carrying them away, young people exchanging vows of love, pirates at sea, a hostile force scouring the country; with many other incidents, all amorous, which I viewed with so much pleasure and found so beautiful that I felt desirous of recording them in writing. Accordingly I sought for someone who could fully explain them to me, and having been informed of everything I composed these four books, which I dedicate as an offering to Cupid, to the Nymphs and to Pan; hoping that the tale will prove acceptable to many classes of people, inasmuch as it may serve to cure illness, console grief, refresh the memory of him who has already loved, and instruct him who as yet knows not what love is. Never was there and never will there be a man able to resist love, so long as beauty exists in the world and there are eyes to behold it.

The Gods grant that, whilst describing the emotions of others, I may remain undisturbed myself.

Mitylene is a beautiful and extensive city of Lesbos intersected by various channels of the sea flowing through and around it, and adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine on beholding it that it was a collection of islets rather than a city. About twenty-four miles from Mitylene a rich man had an estate, none finer than which could be found in all the surrounding country. The neighbouring woods abounded with game, the fields yielded corn, the hillocks were covered with vines, there was pasture land for the herds, and the whole was bounded by the sea, which washed an extensive smooth and sandy shore.

On this estate whilst a goatherd named Lamon was tending his herds in the fields, he found a little child whom one of his she-goats was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles covered with intermingling branches of ivy, whilst, underneath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass upon which the infant was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook herself, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was

grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements, and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat he followed her and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, whilst the babe took hold of her udder as if this had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, whilst near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and only to carry off the tokens which had been left with it; but he soon felt ashamed of showing himself less humane than his goat, and at the approach of night he took up the infant and the tokens, and, with the she-goat following him, went home to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale, who was astonished at the sight, asked if goats now gave birth to babes instead of kids; whereupon her husband recounted to her every particular of the discovery, saying how he had found the child

lying on the grass and the goat suckling it, and how ashamed he had felt at the idea of leaving the babe to perish. His wife declared that it would have been wrong to do so, and they thereupon agreed to conceal the tokens and to adopt the child. They employed the goat as his nurse, affirmed on all sides that he was their own offspring, and in order that his name might accord with their rustic condition they called him Daphnis.

Two years had elapsed, when Dryas, a neighbouring shepherd, met with a similar adventure whilst tending his flock. In this part of the country there was a grotto called the Grotto of the Nymphs, which was hollowed out of a large rock rounded at the summit. Inside there were statues of the Nymphs carved in stone; their feet bare, their arms also naked, their hair flowing loosely upon their shoulders, their waists girt, their faces smiling and their attitudes similar to those of a troop of dancers. In the deepest part of the grotto a spring gurgled from the rock, and its waters spreading into a copious stream refreshed the soft and abundant herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milkpails, transverse flutes, flageolets and pastoral pipes were

suspended—the votive offerings of many an old shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock, which had lately lambed, frequently resorted to this grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future and to keep her with the flock, as previously, twisted some green osiers so as to form a noose, and went to seize her in the grotto. But upon his arrival there he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe presenting, with all the tenderness of a real mother, her udder to an infant, which, without uttering the faintest cry, eagerly turned its clean and glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it as soon as it had had its fill. This child was a girl and, in addition to the garments in which it was swathed, it had, by way of tokens to ensure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

✓ Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the Gods and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessing of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them; and when the time came for driving his

cattle from their pasture, he returned to his cottage, and related all the circumstances of his discovery to his wife, exhibiting the foundling and entreating her to observe secrecy, and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called), at once adopted the infant, for which she soon felt a strong affection, being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself a mother, and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics. The former had completed his fifteenth year and Chloe her thirteenth, when on the same night a vision appeared to Lamon and Dryas in a dream. They each thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the grotto, where the fountain played and where Dryas had found the little girl, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a young boy of very sprightly gait and beautiful mien, who had wings on his shoulders, and who carried a little bow and some arrows in his hand. The urchin lightly touched the young people with one of his shafts, and commanded them to devote

themselves to a pastoral life. To Daphnis he gave the charge of goats, whilst to Chloe he committed the care of sheep.

When this vision appeared to the shepherd and the goatherd they were grieved to think that their adopted children should like themselves be destined to tend animals. From the tokens found with the infants, they had augured for the latter a better fortune, and in this expectation they had brought them up in a more delicate manner, and had procured for them more instruction and accomplishments than usually fall to the lot of shepherds' offspring.

It appeared to them, however, that with regard to children whom the Gods had preserved, the will of the Gods must be obeyed; and, each having communicated his dream to the other, they repaired to the grotto, offered up a sacrifice to the companion of the Nymphs, 'the winged boy,' with whose name they were unacquainted, and then sent the youth and maiden forth into the fields, having, however, first instructed them in their pastoral duties. They taught them for instance, whither they should guide their herds before the noon-day heat, whither they should conduct them when it had abated,—at what time it

was meet to lead them to the stream, and at what hour they should drive them home to the fold. They showed them also in which instances the use of the crook was required, and in which the voice alone would suffice.

The young people received the charge of the sheep and goats with as much exultation as if they had acquired some powerful sovereignty, and felt more affection for their animals than shepherds usually feel: for Chloe reflected that she owed her preservation to an ewe, and Daphnis remembered that a she-goat had suckled him.

It was then the beginning of spring. In the woods and meadows, and on the mountains the flowers were blooming amid the buzzing murmurs of the bees, the warbling of the birds, and the bleating of the lambs. The sheep were skipping on the slopes, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded among the bushes. All nature joined in rejoicing at the springtide, and Daphnis and Chloe, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carols of the birds, they sang; at sight of the playful skipping of the lambs

they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, whilst with others they wove chaplets which they carried as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks and herds together, and carried on all their avocations in common. Daphnis frequently collected such of the sheep as had strayed, and if a goat ventured too near a precipice Chloe drove it back. Sometimes one took the entire management both of the goats and the sheep, whilst the other was engaged in some amusement.

Their sports were of a childish, pastoral character; Chloe would neglect her flock to roam in search of day-lilies, the stalks of which she twisted into traps for locusts; while Daphnis often played from morn till eve upon a pipe, which he had formed of slender reeds, perforating them between their joints, and securing them together with soft wax. The young folks now often shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal of the food which they had brought from home as provision for the day; and the sheep might sooner have been seen to disperse and browse apart, than Daphnis to separate himself from Chloe.

Whilst they were thus intent on their childish amusements, Love devised a scheme to interrupt their sports. Frequent depredations had been made among the neighbouring flocks by a she-wolf, who had carried off a large number of lambs as food for the whelps which she had but lately dropped. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug several pits, six feet in width and twenty-four in depth. The greater part of the loose soil dug out of these pits was carried to a distance and scattered about, the remainder being spread over some long dry sticks which were laid across the mouth of the pits, so that the spot might have a level and natural appearance as previously. But the sticks were weaker than straws, so that if merely a hare should run over them they would break and reveal the fact that there was but a show of soil and no firm ground. The villagers dug many of these pits both in the mountains and in the plains, but the wolf scented the snare, and they were unable to catch her. Many of their own goats and sheep, however, were killed by falling into these pits, and Daphnis himself very narrowly escaped death.

It happened as follows: Two he-goats, belonging

to his herd, were jealous of one another, and at last engaged in fight, butting at each other so violently that one of them had a horn broken, and ran away in great pain, bellowing loudly. The victor pursued as fast as the other fled, as if determined not to leave his foe in peace; and Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken and that the conqueror was not content with having thus injured him, took up his crook, and darted after the pursuer. Daphnis hurried on in such hot wrath and the goat fled in such trepidation, that neither of them observed what lay in their path, and they both fell into one of the pits, the goat first and Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving the latter's life, the animal serving him as a support in his fall. Poor Daphnis, at the bottom of the pit, began to lament his sad mishap with tears, anxiously hoping that some one would pass by, and draw him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that her companion was still alive, she called a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. The herdsman obeyed the summons, but upon looking for a rope for the purpose of drawing Daphnis out, none was to be found: upon which

Chloe unfastened the cord which bound her hair, and gave it to the herdsman who let one end of it down to Daphnis. Then the herdsman and Chloe, holding the other end of the cord, placed themselves at the edge of the pit, and pulled as strongly as they could, whilst Daphnis climbed up as well as he was able, and at last was extricated from his prison.

They then drew up the unfortunate goat, who had had both his horns broken by the fall, thus suffering a just punishment for his revengeful persecution of his defeated fellow-combatant; and they gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance and agreed between themselves that, if the family at home should inquire after the animal, they would say that he had been carried off by the wolf.

After this they returned to their goats and sheep, and finding them browsing quietly and orderly, they sat down at the foot of an oak tree and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any injury. They found no hurt or blood upon him, but there was a quantity of mud and dirt about his hair and indeed his whole person, and he thought it would be best to cleanse himself, lest Lamon and Myrtale should suspect what had befallen him. Accordingly,

he proceeded with Chloe to the spring, in the grotto of the Nymphs, and, having given her his tunic and scrip in charge, repaired to the water's edge to wash his hair and person.*

His locks were as black as ebony and fell upon his neck which the sun had tanned; but one might have imagined that it was the shadow of his hair that thus darkened the colour of his skin. As Chloe looked at him it occurred to her that he was very handsome; and as this idea had never occurred to her before, she attributed his comeliness to the effects of the bath. She washed his back and shoulders for him, and whilst she did so, his skin seemed to her to be so fine and soft that more than once, unobserved by him, she touched herself, doubting which of them had the softer and more delicate skin.

As it was getting late when they left the grotto, the sun being already very low, they drove their goats and sheep homeward, and from that time forth, the one longing in Chloe's mind was to see Daphnis bathe again. When they returned on the morrow

* The important fragment discovered by Paul Louis Courier in the Laurentian Library at Florence in 1809 includes the paragraphs that follow up to the passage indicated on page 22.

to the pasture, Daphnis, seated under an oak as usual, played his pipe and looked at his goats, which were lying down, listening apparently to the strains. Chloe, seated near him, could see her sheep browsing, but she more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis, who was playing the pipe; and, as she gazed at him, she again found him very handsome. Thinking it was the music that now gave him a comely look, she took the pipe from him and played upon it in hopes that by doing so she herself would appear beautiful. Finally, she urged him to bathe again, and whilst he bathed she watched him and could not abstain from touching his skin. Then, on her way homeward in the evening, she thought of him admiringly; and that thought was the beginning of love.

Daphnis soon became the only person whom she thought of and cared for, and everything spoke of him to her. This simple maid, brought up in the fields, and ignorant even of the very name of love, could not have expressed what she felt, but her heart was heavy, and, despite herself, her eyes very often filled with tears. She spent days without taking food and nights without obtaining sleep; she laughed and

wept by turns ; she would dose and suddenly awake with a start; she would turn pale and immediately afterwards her cheeks became suffused with a blaze. A cow stung by a dunfly is not so distracted as she was.

From time to time she fell into a sort of reverie, and when she was quite alone she would reason thus : " I am ill, and yet I do not know my complaint. I suffer, and yet I bear no wound. I feel afflicted, and yet I have not lost any one of my sheep. I burn, although I am seated in the deep shade. How many times have the brambles torn my skin and yet I did not cry? How many bees have pricked me with their stings and yet I was soon cured? Thus that which has now wounded me in the heart must be keener than all those ! It is true that Daphnis is handsome, but he is not the only one that is comely. His cheeks are rosy, no doubt, but so are the flowers; he sings, but so do the birds. And yet after seeing the flowers and hearing the birds I no longer think of them as I think of him. Ah ! would that I were his pipe so that I might touch his lips. Would that I were his little kid that he might take me in his arms ! O cruel fountain that hast rendered him so handsome, canst thou not beautify me as well? O Nymphs ! you

leave me to die—me, whose birth you witnessed, and whom you beheld living here among you! But when I am gone, who will make you garlands and nosegays, and who will take care of you, my little lambs? And you, also, my pretty locust, whom I caught with so much trouble? Alas! what does it now avail that you should chirp in the noontide heat? Your song can no longer lull me to rest beneath the grottoes; Daphnis has robbed me of sleep!”

Thus did the suffering maiden speak and sigh, trying to understand what fire it was that she experienced, but unable even to tell its name.

However, Dorcon, the herdsman, who had extricated Daphnis and the goat from the pit, a young fellow upon whose chin the first down was just sprouting, had already, on the occasion of that meeting, become enamoured of Chloe, and his passion for her increased day by day. Paying little heed to Daphnis, who seemed to him but a child, he resolved to try everything—presents, artifice, and if need were even force—to win her; and he was the more determined, since he already knew the meaning of love. He first made presents to them both. To Daphnis he gave a shepherd's pipe, the nine reeds of which were secured

together with metal instead of wax—and to the maiden, a fawn's skin, covered with white spots, such as is worn by the Bacchantes, and suitable for Chloe to throw over her shoulders. Then, thinking that such gifts sufficed to make both of them his friends, he began to neglect Daphnis, but brought some fresh present to Chloe every day. Sometimes he would give her cheeses made of cow's milk, sometimes ripe fruit, sometimes garlands of fresh flowers, or birds which he had captured in their nests. On one occasion even he presented her with a goblet, gilded at the edges, and on another with a little calf from the mountains.

She, simple and unsuspecting, being totally unaware that all these gifts were but a lover's baits, accepted them willingly, and allowed it to be seen that she was greatly pleased with them ; but her pleasure consisted less in possessing them than in being able to share them with Daphnis.

Now, one day Daphnis—it was written that he also should experience the torments of love—quarrelled with Dorcon. They disputed as to which of them was the better looking of the two, and it was agreed that Chloe, who was present, should judge

between them, a kiss from her to be the victor's prize. Dorcon was the first to speak.

"I," he said, "am taller than Daphnis. I keep oxen, whilst he keeps goats; and just as an ox is more valuable than a goat, so is a herdsman, like myself, superior to a goat-herd. My skin is as white as milk, my hair as golden as ripe wheat; I am as fresh as the leaves in spring. And no wonder, for it was my own mother, not an animal, that suckled me when I was a babe. Daphnis is short and puny, with no more beard than a woman, whilst his body is as tawny as a wolf's skin. By living, too, among his goats, he has contracted a goatish smell. And, besides, he is a mere goat-herd, so poor that he has not even enough means to keep a dog of his own. It is said—and I really believe it—that he was suckled by a goat; and, being a goat's suckling, it is no marvel if he has a goatish look."

Thus spake Dorcon, and Daphnis replied:

"Yes, like great Jove, I was suckled by a goat, and I keep goats; and my goats are more healthful than this man's oxen will ever be. I lead my goats to pasture, but I have not their smell about me; nor does Pan smell like a goat though there be more of

the goat in his nature than aught else. For sustenance I am content with milk, cheese, hard bread, and light wine, the usual food of such rustics as we are; and whilst I share it with you, Chloe, I have no thought as to what the rich man may eat. I have no beard, it is true, nor, for the matter of that has Bacchus any beard. I am dark, too, but so is the hyacinth. And Bacchus is superior to the Satyrs, and the hyacinth is preferred to the lily. This man is red-haired like a fox, white-skinned like a town-wench, and he will soon be as bearded as a he-goat. If it be I whom you kiss, Chloe, you will kiss my lips, but if it be he, you will kiss those bristles which are sprouting about his mouth. Remember, shepherdess, that an ewe suckled you with her milk, and yet you are none the less fair."

On hearing this last word Chloe could restrain herself no longer. Partly to acknowledge the pleasure which she felt on hearing herself thus praised, and partly because she had long desired to kiss Daphnis, she tripped to her feet, and, in a pretty, simple way, gave him the prize. Hers was truly an artless, unsophisticated kiss, and yet it was well calculated to inflame a stripling's heart.

Dorcon, finding himself vanquished, fled into the woods to hide his shame and displeasure, and to devise some other means of succeeding in his love affairs. As for Daphnis it was as if he had been stung, not kissed, by Chloe. He became sad; he sighed and shivered, and his heart beat more quickly. He turned pale when he looked at Chloe, and then suddenly a flush suffused his face. For the first time he now admired the fairness of her hair, the softness of her eyes, and the freshness of her complexion, which was whiter even than the cream-cheese made with the milk of her ewes. It might have been supposed that he was now for the first time endowed with sight, and that he had formerly been blind. From that day forth he merely tasted his food, and only just moistened his lips with drink. He, who had been merrier even than the grasshoppers, became thoughtful and silent; he who had been accustomed to skip about like his kids, remained seated and motionless. His herd was forgotten; his pipe lay uncared for on the ground; his head was bowed like a flower that droops over its stalk; he was consumed by inward fire, parched like the grass in the hot weather; he knew joy no longer, and no more gaily prattled,

unless, indeed, he were speaking to Chloe or about her.

Sometimes when he was alone, he walked along, saying to himself:* “ Ah! what strange effects I feel from that kiss which Chloe gave me! Her lips are more tender than rose-buds, her mouth is sweeter than the honeycomb, and yet that kiss has left a sting sharper than the sting of a bee! I have frequently kissed my kids; I have kissed her newly-dropped lambs, and the little calf which Dorcon gave her, but that kiss of Chloe's is something new and wonderful! My breath is gone—my heart pants—my spirit sinks within me and dies away; and yet I long to kiss her in return. O fatal victory! O strange disease, which I know not how to name! Could Chloe have tasted some poison before she kissed me? If so, how is it that she survives? How sweetly the swallows twitter, whilst my pipe is mute! How gaily the kids skip and play, whilst I sink into listless repose! How beautifully the flowers shoot forth, but I am not weaving garlands! The violets and the lilies of the valley are blooming, but Daphnis droops and fades away. Dorcon will soon appear more comely than myself!”

* The fragment discovered by M. Courier ends here.

Such were the sensations of poor Daphnis, and thus he vented his feelings; like one within whose heart the sparks of love have for the first time been kindled.

In the meantime Dorcon, the herdsman, who also entertained a passion for Chloe, was watching for an opportunity to address Dryas on the subject; he knew him already, having met him when he was tending cattle in the fields; and, now, finding him one day employed in staking a vine, he ventured to approach him, taking with him some fine cheeses made from cow's milk. First of all he begged Dryas to accept the cheeses as a present; then he reverted to their old acquaintance as fellow-herdsmen, and finally he informed him of the affection which he felt for his daughter, Chloe. He promised that, if he were so happy as to obtain her as his wife, he was prepared to offer him the handsomest gifts which a herdsman could bestow—a yoke of oxen fit for the plough, four hives of bees, fifty young apple trees for planting, the hide of an ox already tanned as well as a weaned calf annually.

Dryas was almost tempted by this display of friendship and these splendid promises to give his assent to the marriage; but on the other hand he reflected that

the girl seemed destined for a higher connection, and he feared that he might find himself in an irremediable difficulty should the maiden ever be identified and her parents learn that he had married her to a man of such low condition, merely for the sake of some presents. For this reason he refused his assent and declined all the gifts, at the same time entreating Dorcon not to be offended.

Dorcon, being thus disappointed for the second time and having given his cheeses away to no purpose, conceived a plan of carrying off Chloe by force, whenever he might find her alone; and having observed that she and Daphnis alternately conducted the flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme which would naturally strike the invention of a herdsman. One of his bulls, fighting in defence of the herd, had killed a large wolf with his horns; and Dorcon threw this wolf's skin over his back, so that it completely covered him, and adjusted it in such a manner that the skins of the fore legs concealed his arms and hands, while those of the hind legs hung down to his very heels. The animal's head with its widely-extended jaws cased his own as completely as a soldier's helmet.

Having thus "be-wolfed" himself as well as he was

able he repaired to the spring, where the sheep and goats usually drank as they returned from pasture. This spring was in a dell, and the furze, brambles, junipers and thistles around it were so thick, that a real wolf might easily have chosen the spot as a lurking place. Here Dorcon concealed himself and anxiously waited for the arrival of the thirsty flocks; hoping that Chloe would be so startled and terrified by his wolfish appearance that he would be able to seize her and effect his purpose.

He had not remained there long when Chloe came to the spring with the sheep and the goats, leaving Daphnis engaged in cutting some green leaves as fodder for the kids in the evening. The dogs (the guardians of the sheep and goats) accompanied Chloe, and scenting about in their usual manner they discovered Dorcon who was in the act of rising up to seize their mistress. Taking him for a wolf they set up a full cry, rushed upon him and began to bite before he could recover from his astonishment. The wolf-skin for a time protected him from their teeth, and the shame of a discovery operated so strongly that he remained in the thicket without calling out; but when Chloe, alarmed on seeing a wolf's head among the

brambles, summoned Daphnis to her aid, and when the skin was torn off by the herdsman's assailants, who began to bite his person, he shrieked aloud, entreating the assistance of the damsel and of Daphnis, who had now arrived at the spot. The dogs were easily appeased by the well-known voices of their master and mistress, who conveyed the lacerated Dorcon to the spring, where they washed the bites which they discovered on his legs and shoulders. Then chewing some elm-leaves they spread them as a salve on the wounds. Innocent themselves, and totally ignorant of the desperate enterprizes of lovers they imagined that Dorcon's disguise was a mere piece of rustic sport, and, far from being angry with him, they led him by the hand a part of the way home and, after condoling with him, bade him farewell.

Dorcon, having thus been rescued from the jaws of the dogs and not, as the old adage has it, from those of the wolf, went home to nurse himself; while Daphnis and Chloe were occupied until nightfall in the difficult task of collecting their sheep and goats, which being terrified by the sight of the wolfskin and the barking of the dogs had dispersed in different directions. Some had sprung upon the highest rocks,

and some had fled down to the shore. They had, indeed, been instructed to obey their keeper's call; in any alarm the pipe usually sufficed to soothe them, and if they became scattered a clapping of the hands would collect them; but terror had now made them forget their former discipline, so that Daphnis and Chloe were compelled to track them as if they had been hares; and it was only after great difficulty and trouble that they brought them back to the pens. Then they themselves retired to rest, and this was the first night, for a long time past, that they slept soundly: they found that fatigue was the best remedy for the restlessness of love. But with the morning their usual sensations returned. When they met, they rejoiced; when they parted, they felt sad. They pined with grief and felt a longing which they could not describe. They knew this only—one of them, that he had lost his peace of mind by a kiss,—the other that her suffering dated from a bath. The season too was the season of love.

The spring was now over; the summer had begun and all things were in the height of beauty. The trees were covered with fruit; the fields with corn. Charming was the chirp of the grasshoppers, delight-

ful was the bleating of the flocks, luxuriant the aspect of the fields. It was pleasant to breathe the balmy air; you might have fancied that the rivers were asleep so slowly and silently did they flow along, while the breezes sighed and piped as they breathed through the branches of the pines. The apples fell to the ground as if eager to be gathered by the passing lover. Every superfluous garment was thrown aside, and the sun beamed forth as if desirous of gazing at the charms which were exposed to his rays. Daphnis, finding the warmth intolerable, plunged into the rivers; sometimes he merely bathed, sometimes he amused himself with trying to catch the fish which slipped between his fingers and glided through the water, and sometimes he drank of the stream as if he wished to extinguish the flame which he felt within him. Chloe, when she had milked her ewes, and sometimes Daphnis' goats as well, had great difficulty in making the milk curdle, for the gnats were very troublesome and if she flapped them away they stung her. However, after her work was done she washed her face, crowned herself with a garland of pine-leaves, put the fawn-skin about her waist and filled a bowl with wine and milk as a beverage for herself and Daphnis.

When noontide drew nigh they felt more ardently in love than ever; Chloe pined and languished at the sight of Daphnis's comeliness which seemed to be without flaw or blemish, and when Daphnis beheld Chloe in her fawn-skin and with the garland of pine-leaves about her brow holding out the bowl to him, he fancied that he beheld one of the Nymphs of the grotto, and drawing near he took the garland from her head and placed it on his own. Then she, while he was bathing, took his dress and donned it after kissing it lovingly. Sometimes they sportively began to pelt each other with apples, and on other occasions they amused themselves with adorning each other's hair, which they braided in various forms. Chloe compared the black hair of Daphnis to myrtle-berries; while he likened her cheeks to apples where the white is suffused with red. At other times he taught her to play on the pipe, and as she began to breathe into it he snatched it from her, pressed the reeds to his lips and made them sound, under pretence of teaching her and rectifying her errors; but in reality his purpose was to kiss those parts of the instrument which her lips had touched, and thus the pipe became a conductor for his kisses.

While he was thus amusing her in the noon-day heat, with their flocks around them reposing in the shade, Chloe imperceptibly fell asleep. Daphnis, perceiving it, laid down his pipe and while he gazed on her charms he thus sighed to himself: "What eyes are those which are now closed in sleep! what a mouth is that which breathes so sweetly! Neither apples nor wild-flowers have so sweet a scent! Ah! but I fear to kiss it! her lips sting me to the heart, and like new honey drive me mad! Besides, a kiss would awaken her! O chattering grasshoppers, if you chirp so loudly you will disturb my Chloe! Those vexatious goats are fighting noisily with their horns: surely the wolves are grown more timid than foxes that they do not come and seize them!"

At this moment his soliloquy was interrupted by a grasshopper, which, in springing from a swallow that pursued it, fell into Chloe's bosom. As the swallow hovered over her and brushed her cheek with its fluttering wings, the damsel started and screamed; but, seeing the swallow still fluttering near her and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, her fear vanished and she rubbed her eyes which were yet heavy with sleep. The grasshopper chirped from



Prudhon inv.

Annedouche sc.

her bosom, as if in gratitude for its deliverance, and Chloe on hearing it screamed again; whereupon Daphnis laughed, and took the little chatterer from its hiding-place. It still kept chirping in his hand. Chloe was pleased at seeing the innocent cause of her alarm, and having kissed it, she put it in her bosom again, where it resumed its song.

On another occasion they delighted themselves with listening to a ring-dove cooing in the neighbouring wood, and upon Chloe inquiring what the bird meant by its note, Daphnis told her the well-known fable which is related to all who ask that question.

“Long ago, my dear,” he said, “there was a maid who, like yourself, was beautiful and in the flower of youth. She tended cattle and she sang so sweetly that the herds were delighted with her song, and she needed neither the crook nor the goad to manage them; they obeyed her voice, and gazed at and listened to the maid as she sat under the shade of a pine tree, crowned with a garland of its leaves and singing the loves of Pan and Pitys the Nymph. A youth, who pastured his herds at a little distance and who was handsome and fond of melody, vied with her in singing: as

he was a man his voice was deeper, but as he was young it was also very sweet. He sang, and his song allured eight of her best cows to his own pastures. The maid was mortified at the loss of her cattle, and at being so much excelled in song; and, in her despair, she prayed the Gods to convert her into a bird before she reached her home. The Gods assented to her prayer, and transformed her into a bird: in which shape, as in her former one, she abides in the mountains, and delights in singing. Her notes bespeak her misfortune, for she is calling her wandering cows."

Such were the delights which summer brought them, but when the autumn came, and the black grapes were covered with a thick bloom, some pirates of Tyre, who had put to sea in a Carian bark, so that they might not be taken for foreigners, approached the coast, and landed, armed with swords and bucklers. They plundered everything that fell in their way. They carried off fragrant wine, corn in great plenty, hives full of honey, and even some of Dorcon's cattle. As they were scouring the country, here and there, it happened that they met Daphnis, who was musing in a melancholy mood

and rambling by the sea-shore, quite alone. Chloe, for fear of some rude rustics, did not venture forth so early: it was only when the sun was already high that she drove Dryas's flock to pasture. When the pirates saw the handsome youth, who, they knew, would be a prize of greater value than all the plunder they could find in the fields, they ceased to pursue the goats or to search for other spoil, and dragged him to their vessel, while he wept in despair, and called loudly on his Chloe.

They had put him on board, slipped their cable, and were rowing from the shore when Chloe came up, carrying in her hand a new pipe as a present for Daphnis. But when she saw the goats running about in confusion, and heard Daphnis calling out to her each moment in a louder voice, she quitted her sheep, threw down the pipe, and ran towards Dorcon's pasturage, beseeching him to assist her. She found him lying on the ground: the pirates had hacked him with their swords and he could scarcely breathe, for the blood was flowing from him in streams. But at the sight of Chloe the memory of his love momentarily revived him, and he exclaimed: "I shall shortly be no more, my dear Chloe; I

fought in defence of my cattle, and those wicked robbers, the pirates, have reduced me to this state. But you, Chloe, must save Daphnis and avenge me by destroying them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of this pipe, and to obey its call, even if they be grazing at the greatest distance. Take this pipe ; play upon it the notes, in which I once instructed Daphnis, and in which Daphnis instructed you. Do this, and you will see the consequences. I give you this pipe with which I obtained the prize in contending with many a shepherd and many a herdsman; give me in return for this gift but one kiss, while yet I live. When I am dead, bewail me : and when you see another tending my flocks, remember Dorcon."

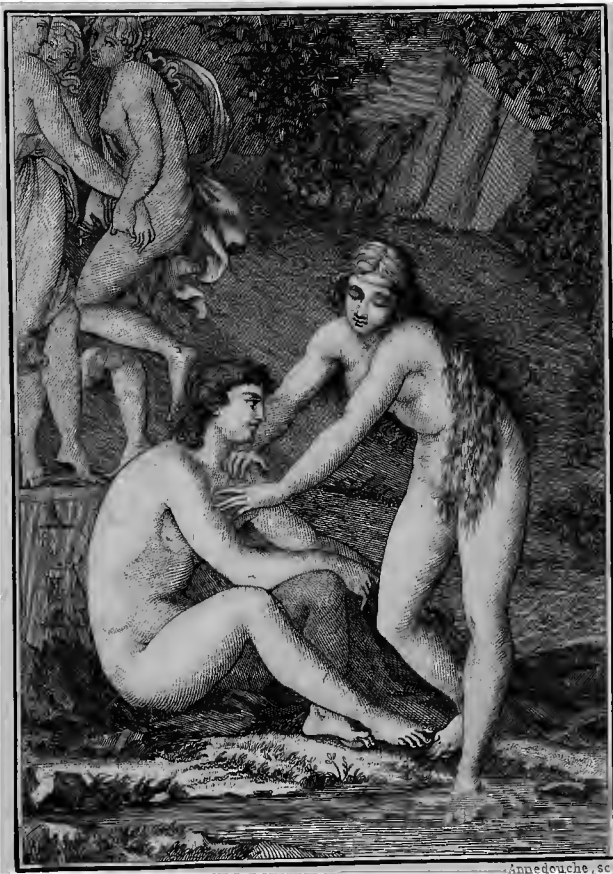
As Dorcon ceased speaking, Chloe gave him a farewell kiss, and with this kiss upon his lips he resigned his breath. Then Chloe raised the pipe to her lips and blew with all her strength, and the cows hearing the pipe and recognising the notes began to low and all at once leaped into the sea. As they all plunged from the same side the vessel was upset, the waves closed over it and it sank. The crew and Daphnis fell into the sea and came to the surface again, but

they had not equal chances for preservation. The pirates had their swords at their sides and their bucklers slung behind them, while their greaves reached to the middle of their legs; whereas Daphnis, as usual when he tended his herd in the plains, had not even his sandals on, and, moreover, as the season was very warm, he was scarcely dressed. All of them swam for a little time, but the weight of their equipments soon drew the pirates to the bottom, whereas Daphnis kept afloat having easily thrown off the few garments that encumbered him. Still as he had been accustomed to swim merely in rivers he only buoyed himself up with difficulty, and his distress was great when fortunately necessity taught him what course he should adopt; he darted forward between two of the cows, grasped a horn of each of them and was then carried along as securely and naturally as if he had been riding in his own wain. For cattle, it should be said, can swim much better and for a much longer time than men; and no living creatures surpass them in this respect unless it be the aquatic birds and the fish. And indeed no bullock nor cow would ever be in danger of drowning if it were not that the horn of their hoofs becomes softened by the water. To this

fact many channels of the sea testify, such as that which even now is called the Bosphorus, meaning the oxen's ford.

Thus was Daphnis delivered from two perils—from the pirates and from drowning, and in a manner beyond all expectation. When he reached the shore where he found Chloe smiling through her tears, he fell on her bosom and inquired what had led her to play those particular notes. She then related everything that had occurred, her running to Dorcon, his ordering her to pipe those notes which his cows were accustomed to obey, and finally his dying at her feet. She only forgot or purposely omitted to mention the kiss that she had given him.

They now determined to pay the last honours to their benefactor, and accordingly they came with the neighbours and relatives of the deceased and buried him. They threw up over his grave a large pile of earth, round which they planted several trees, and upon these they hung the first-fruits of their autumnal labours. Then they poured upon the grave libations of milk and juice pressed from the grapes, and broke many pastoral pipes. The cattle were heard lowing most lamentably, several of them were seen wandering



P. H. G. inv.

Annedouche, sculp.

and running about in disorder and the shepherds believed that these were lamentations and marks of sorrow for their departed master.

When the funeral was over Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs where she assisted him in his ablutions, and then for the first time in his presence she washed her own white polished form which needed no bath, however, to enhance its loveliness. Then they gathered some of the flowers of the season, crowned the statues with garlands and hung up Dorcon's pipe as a votive offering to the Nymphs. This being accomplished they returned to their sheep and goats which they found lying on the ground neither browsing nor bleating but worried, as it were, by the absence of their keepers. However, as soon as Daphnis and Chloe came in view of the animals and called to them in their usual manner and sounded their pipes, the sheep sprang up and began to browse, while the goats skipped about as if exulting in the return of their herdsman.

But Daphnis was unable to tune his soul to joy since he had seen Chloe bathing. He felt a gnawing pain at his heart as if some venom were secretly at work there. Now he panted as if he were flying from some

pressing pursuer; and now his breath was quite gone as if he were exhausted with running and had no strength left him. The bath which Chloe had taken was apparently more fraught with peril than the sea from which he had escaped. As for himself he attributed his feelings to being in fancy still among the pirates. The rustic youth was as yet ignorant of the wiles of love.



J. Folke del.



BOOK II







T was now the middle of autumn—the vintage season was at hand, and everyone was busy in the fields. One prepared the wine presses, another cleansed the jars, and another twisted the osiers into baskets. Each had a separate employ—in sharpening the pruning hooks, in suspending the mill-stone for pounding the grapes, after they had been trodden underfoot, or in preparing dry osiers, stripped of their bark, which were to serve as torches, so that the must might be drawn off during the night.

Daphnis and Chloe neglected their flocks for a time

to share in the labours of the vintage. He carried the grapes in baskets, threw them into the wine-press, trod them, and then helped to draw off the wine into the jars; while she prepared food for the grape-gatherers, and brought them some wine of the previous year so that they might quench their thirst. Sometimes she also employed herself in plucking the lower bunches of grapes; and indeed almost all the vines in Lesbos grew low. Instead of shooting upwards, or twining around trees, they spread their branches downwards, and some of the branches trailed along, like ivy, so close to the ground, that an infant might have culled the fruit.

The women, who, according to the custom at this festival of Bacchus, the vintage season, were called from the neighbouring villages to lend assistance, cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and exclaimed that he was as handsome as Bacchus himself. Indeed one of the most forward of these wenches gave him a kiss, which elated Daphnis, but tormented poor Chloe.

On the other hand, the men treading in the wine-presses were loud in their praises of Chloe, and at sight of her they danced and stamped like so many Satyrs in presence of a Bacchante; exclaiming that

they would gladly become sheep to be fed and tended by such a shepherdess. These compliments delighted Chloe, and tormented poor Daphnis.

Each of them thus wished the vintage at an end, so that they might return to their usual haunts and, instead of this senseless clamour, hear the sound of their pipes and the bleating of their sheep.

In a few days the vines were stripped, the grapes were trodden, and the wine was poured into the jars, so that fewer hands were wanted, and they were at liberty to drive their flocks to the fields. In the fervour of their joy they went to pay their adoration to the Nymphs, carrying vine-branches laden with clusters of grapes, as first-fruit offerings of the vintage. Indeed, they had never passed the grotto without leaving some token of respect. In the morning when they led their flocks to pasture, and again in the evening ere they started home, they paid worship to the Deities, and presented either a flower, a green bough, some fruit, or a libation of milk, as an offering; and this piety, as we shall see presently, had its reward. But now their gratitude and joy were extravagant; they sprang about, like young dogs just let loose from their

kennels; they piped, they sang; and they wrestled together in imitation of their goats and rams.

While they were thus disporting and enjoying themselves, an old man, clothed in a coarse garment of goatskin, with shabby shoes on his feet, and with a wallet (and that wallet a very old one) at his back, came up to them, seated himself near them, and addressed them as follows :

“I, my children, am old Philetas. I have often sung the praises of the Nymphs of yonder grotto, I have often piped in honour of Pan, and I was wont to guide my herds by the music of my voice. If I have come to you here, it is to acquaint you with what I have seen and to relate to you what I have heard. I have a garden which I cultivate with my own hands, and in which I have never ceased to work since I have been too old to attend my herds. In this garden I obtain every product of nature in due season; in the spring it abounds with roses, lilies, hyacinths, and violets of the deepest bloom; in the summer with poppies, pears, and apples of every kind; and now in autumn, with grapes, figs, pomegranates and green myrtles. A variety of birds fly into my garden every morning, some in search of food, and

some to warble in the shade, for the boughs grow very thick, and three fountains water the cool retreat. So thickly is it planted with trees that if it were not enclosed with a wall, it might be taken for a natural wood.

“As I entered it to-day about noon, I espied a little boy among my pomegranates and myrtles, some of which he had gathered; and he was holding them in his hands. His complexion was as white as milk, his hair ruddy like flames, while his countenance shone as if it had just been washed. He was naked and alone, and was amusing himself with plucking my fruit with as much freedom as if it had been his own garden. Being apprehensive lest he might commit more mischief and break my plants, I sprang forward to seize him, but the little rogue skipt lightly from me, sometimes gliding between the rose-trees, and sometimes hiding himself like a young partridge under the poppies.

“I formerly exerted myself to good purpose in running after my sucking kids, or in catching my newly-dropt calves as they skipped around their mothers, but this urchin was so nimble, that it was utterly impossible to lay hold of him. Old as I am I soon

became weary of the pursuit ; so, leaning on my staff to support myself, and keeping my eyes on him that he might not escape, I asked him what neighbour he belonged to, and what he meant by trespassing in another person's garden.

“ He made no reply, but approaching near me, he smiled sweetly in my face, and pelted me with myrtle-berries, and (I know not how) so won upon me, that I could not be angry. Then I entreated him to come to me, and assured him that he need not be afraid, for I swore by the myrtles, that if he only gave me one kiss I would give him apples and pomegranates in plenty, and that ever afterwards he should have liberty to gather as much fruit and as many flowers as he pleased.

“ Upon hearing me thus address him, he burst into a loud laugh; and gracefully, in a voice sweeter than that of the nightingale, the swallow, or the swan—were the latter even as old as I am—he replied, ‘ It would not pain me to kiss you, Philetas, for I am as willing to kiss, as you can be to grow young again; but consider whether the gift would suit your age : for if I gave you but one kiss, old though you are, you could not stay from pursuing me;

and yet there is no hawk, or eagle, or any other bird, swift as may be his flight, that can overtake me. I am not the child you take me to be. I look like a child; but I am older than Saturn, aye, older than Time himself. I knew you well, Philetas, when you were in the flower of your youth, and when you tended your wide-spread herds in yonder marsh. I was near you, when you sat beneath those beech-trees, and piped and sang the praises of your sweetheart Amaryllis: I was close to the damsel, but you could not discern me. I gave her to you, and some brave boys, who are now excellent husbandmen and herdsmen, are the pledges of your love. At the present time I have taken charge of Daphnis and Chloe; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I retire to your garden: here I amuse myself with your flowers and plants, and here I bathe in your fountain. Through me it is that your flowers and shrubs thrive so charmingly, for the waters, which have bathed me, refresh them. Look now, if any of your plants be broken down! See, if any of your fruit be plucked! Examine whether the stalk of any flower be crushed, or the clearness of your fountain disturbed! Rejoice rather,

old man, that you are the first, who at your age ever won the good will of this little boy.'

"With these words he sprang like a young nightingale among the myrtles, and climbing from bough to bough ascended through the foliage to the summit of a tree. I observed wings upon his shoulders, and between them a bow and arrows, but to my great astonishment, a moment afterwards I could see neither him nor them. Now, if I have not grown grey in vain, if I have not grown foolish, whilst growing old, you may rely on me, when I tell you, that you are consecrated to Love, and that Love has adopted you as his own."

Daphnis and Chloe were delighted, but they regarded what they heard as a fable rather than as fact; and they inquired of Philetas, who and what this Love could be? whether he was a boy or a bird? and what powers he could exert?

"My young friends," replied Philetas, "Love is a God, young, beautiful, and ever on the wing. He, therefore, rejoices in the company of youth, he is ever in search of beauty, and gives wings to the souls of his favourites. His power far exceeds that of Jove. He commands the elements: he rules

the stars : he governs the world : and even the Gods themselves are more obedient to him than your flocks are to you. All these flowers are the works of Love : these plants and shrubs are his offspring.— Through him these rivers flow, and these zephyrs breathe. Whoever is smitten by him is struck, as it were, with madness. I have seen the bull swayed by love, lowing as if the dunfly had stung him; I have seen the young he-goat in love with the she-goat, and following her everywhere. I myself was young and felt Love's influence. I loved Amaryllis. I forgot to eat or to drink; and I could take no rest, for sleep was banished from my eyelids. My soul was sad, my heart beat quick, my limbs felt a deadly chill. Now I wept and cried aloud, as if I had been beaten, now I was as silent as if I were dead, and now I plunged into the rivers, as if to extinguish the flame which consumed me. I called upon Pan to assist me, as he also had suffered in his love for Pitys. I poured forth praises to the Nymph Echo for repeating the name of Amaryllis. I broke my pipes because, although they brought my herds to me, they could not allure Amaryllis : for there is no remedy for the passion, no beverage, no charm,

no song, no words that can ease the lover; nothing is of any avail save kisses and the closest embraces."

Philetas, having given them this and further information, bade them farewell, but before they permitted him to depart, they presented him with a cheese, and a kid whose horns were just beginning to sprout. Then, being left to themselves, they mused in silence upon the name of Love, which they had just heard for the first time. Their distress was now greater than before, and on returning home, they spent the night in comparing their own sensations with what they had heard from Philetas.

"Philetas said that they who are smitten by Love, become sad; so are we sad:—that they care neither for food nor drink; nor do we:—that they cannot sleep; nor can we:—that they burn; and we feel a fire within us:—that they are always desirous of each other's company; and all we long for is that daylight may soon return. So our disorder must be Love, and we have learnt to love each other without being conscious of it. But if this be love, surely we are loved; so what else can it be that we long for? Why are we so sad and restless? why do we so eagerly seek

each other? All that Philetas told us is true. The boy, whom he saw in the garden, is he who appeared to our parents in the dream, and commanded that we should be devoted to a pastoral life. How is it possible to catch the urchin? He is little, and will flee from us. At the same time, who can flee from him? He has wings, and will pursue us. Ought we to implore the assistance of the Nymphs? But then Pan did not help Philetas when he loved Amaryllis. He told us that our only remedy would be in kissing and embracing one another."

Such was their conversation as they walked homeward in the evening. On the morrow at daybreak, when they led their flocks to pasture, they kissed each other as soon as they met—which they had never done before—and opening their arms exchanged an embrace. Further than that they durst not go. To do exactly as Philetas had told them appeared too bold to a young shepherdess like Chloe, aye, even to a young goatherd like Daphnis. Again did they pass a sleepless night, their minds busy in thinking of what they had done; and they reflected:

"We kissed, yet it was of no avail, we embraced, yet we found no relief. The sole remedy for love

must consist in reposing side by side. Surely there must be something more efficacious than kissing."

Their dreams, as might be expected after such thoughts, were dreams of love and kisses. When they arose on the morrow they were more than ever inflamed with passion, and whilst urging on their flocks they longed to meet again so that they might renew their kisses. As soon as they espied one another they hastened forward with smiling faces, kissed and embraced. The other remedy, however, was still left untried. Daphnis was unwilling to mention it, and Chloe durst not take the initiative. But chance led them to it in this wise: They were seated side by side under an oak, and, having once tasted of the pleasure of kissing, were unable to cease their endearments. To kiss the closer they embraced one another, and as Daphnis strained Chloe to his bosom, she fell upon her side and he with her. For a long time they remained thus locked in one another's arms, without thought of aught else, for they imagined that love had nothing further to bestow. The evening found them in the same embrace, and then, cursing the approach of night, they parted and drove their flocks homeward. They might perchance have soon

become enlightened as to the mysteries of love had not a great tumult arose in the surrounding country.

Some rich young men of Methymna, having formed a pleasure-party for the vintage-season, had embarked in a small vessel, employing their servants as rowers and shaping their course towards the fields of Mitylene, which lie near the sea-shore. They knew that there was here an excellent harbour for them, and that this part of the coast was well adapted for bathing, and decked moreover with handsome edifices, gardens, and groves, some the productions of nature, and some the productions of art.

Here the party arrived, journeying slowly along the coast, touching here and there as their fancy prompted them, and amusing themselves in various ways, without annoyance to any one. Sometimes with rod and line they would angle the fish which swim among the rocks; sometimes with their dogs and nets they would catch the hares which had fled from the vineyards, terrified by the noise of the grape gatherers. Part of their amusement also was to set snares for birds in favourable spots, and they often caught wild ducks, wild geese, bustards, and such other feathered game as frequents the lowlands; and

in addition to the pleasure of the sport they thus, in a great measure, supplied their table. Whatever else they might require was easily procured from the labourers in the fields, who were paid more than the value for every thing which they supplied. The young men were mostly inconvenienced by the lack of bread and wine, and good lodging at night time, for as it was late in autumn, they did not think it safe to sleep on board their boat, but in apprehension of the storms, usual at this season, drew the craft on shore.

Now, it happened that a countryman had broken the old rope, by which the stone was suspended for crushing his grapes after they had been trodden in the wine-press, and being in want of another to supply its place, he had come at night time to the sea-shore, when, finding that the boat had been left without any one to watch it, he had taken the cable by which it was moored, and conveyed it home to supply his need. In the morning the young Methymnæans made inquiries after their rope, but no one confessed the theft, and after venting their reproaches at this breach of hospitality, they launched their boat and proceeded along the coast. After

voyaging rather more than a league they landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe dwelt; this appearing to them to be a favourable spot for hare-hunting. Having no cable to moor their bark they twisted some green osiers, the longest they could find, into the form of a rope, and by this means secured the prow of the boat to the shore. Then they let their dogs loose to scent about for game, and fixed their nets. But the dogs in barking and running about hither and thither frightened the goats, who speedily fled from the slopes to the shore, where some of the boldest of them, finding no pasture on the sands, drew nigh to the boat and gnawed the osier-withe which served as a mooring.

A breeze blowing from the hills caused the waters to swell, and the boat as soon as its moorings parted, was carried off by the waves and borne out to sea. The Methymnæans perceived the accident, and some of them ran hastily down to the shore, whilst others hurriedly called the dogs together: and all of them cried out so loudly for assistance that the country folk, shepherds, vintagers and labourers came to the spot. But no assistance could avail them, for the wind increased and drove the boat before it with such

violence that it was soon out of sight. When the Methymnæans found themselves thus deprived of their bark, and of all the property which it contained, they inquired for the goatherd, and finding him to be Daphnis, they began to strip him and beat him. One of them even took a dog-leash, and bending Daphnis's arms behind his back, prepared to bind him. Poor Daphnis, smarting with his beating, cried out for assistance; calling upon all his neighbours, and upon Lamon and Dryas in particular. These old men heard his call and hastened to the spot. They were still vigorous, with hands hardened by the toils of husbandry, and they stoutly took the young man's part against the Methymnæans, demanding an inquiry in accordance with the rules of justice. The neighbours who had reached the spot, seconded this demand, to which the Methymnæans consented, and Philetas, the herdsman, was appointed umpire in the business. He was the oldest man present, and was celebrated among the villagers for the equity of his decisions. Forthwith the Methymnæans preferred their charge in plain and concise language, suited to the rustic judge before whom they appeared.

“We came here,” they said, “to hunt, and having

fastened our boat to the shore with a withé of osiers, we roamed about with our dogs in search of game. In the meantime this young man's goats came to the shore and ate the osiers that secured our boat, whereby it was lost. You yourself saw it borne out to sea: and what valuables think you it contained? Why, a great store of raiment and dog-gear, and more money than would suffice to purchase all these fields around us? As some compensation for what we have lost, we have surely a right to carry off this heedless goatherd, who understands his calling so badly that he pastures his goats on the sea-shore."

Thus spoke the Methymnæans. Daphnis was in a sorry plight from the blows he had received, but seeing Chloe among the crowd, he bore his pain without complaint, and answered as follows:

"I am, and always have been very careful of my goats, and no one in the village can say that a goat of mine ever broused in his garden, or devoured any of his sprouting vines. These sportsmen are themselves to blame, for their dogs are so badly broken that they ran about here and there barking so loudly that they alarmed my goats, and like so many wolves drove them from the slopes towards

the shore. No wonder that the poor animals ate the osiers, could they find grass, or shrubs, or thyme upon the sands? The sea and the winds destroyed the boat: let the storm bear the blame and not my goats. They say that they had left their clothes and money on board; but who, in his senses, can believe that a boat freighted with so much wealth had but a withe of osiers as its cable?"

Daphnis ceased speaking and burst into tears, whereat all his countrymen were moved with compassion, and Philetas, the judge, having to render his sentence, swore by Pan and the Nymphs, that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in fault, that only the sea and the winds could be accused, and that *they* were not under his jurisdiction. But this decision failed to content the Methymnæans, who, in a great fury, seized Daphnis and would have bound him, had not the villagers, irritated at such behaviour, sprung upon them as thick as starlings and rescued the young goatherd, who, on his side, began to fight in his own defence. With stones and sticks the villagers soon put the Methymnæans to flight, and did not desist from the pursuit, till they had driven them from that part of the island.

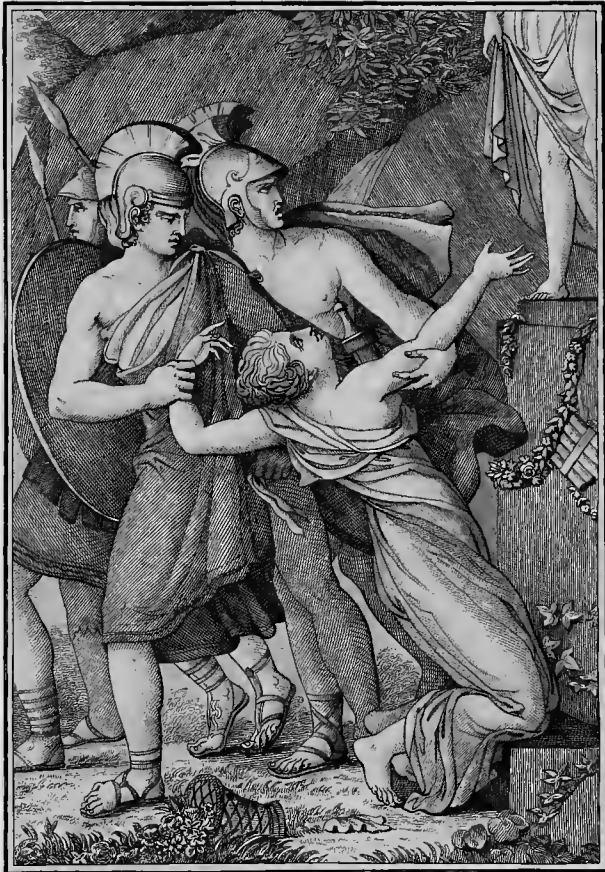
While the country folk were engaged in the pursuit, Chloe led Daphnis gently by the hand to the Grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed away the blood from his face and nostrils. Then taking some bread and cheese from her scrip she entreated him to eat, and, to comfort him the more efficaciously, pressed her tender lips to his, and gave him a kiss as sweet as honey.

Thus did Daphnis escape from the danger which had threatened him ; but the affair did not end there. The Methymnæans reached their own city with great difficulty and in sore distress; for instead of sailing in a fine boat, they had to travel afoot, and in place of luxury and convenience they had but bruises and wounds for their comfort. Immediately upon their arrival at home they called an assembly of their fellow townsmen, and entreated them to take up arms to avenge the treatment they had received; concealing the real truth of the matter for fear of being laughed at for having been so soundly beaten by a few shepherds. They accused the Mitylenæans of seizing their boat, as if it had belonged to an enemy, and of plundering it of all its contents.

Their wounds, which they displayed, gained them

belief among their countrymen, who resolved to avenge their cause, the more particularly as they belonged to the first families in the place. Accordingly they resolved to begin the war without the usual forms of proclamation, and instructed their naval commander to launch ten galleys immediately, and ravage the coasts of the enemy. As the winter was near at hand they did not think it safe to hazard a larger fleet.

Their commander put to sea early the next day; he employed his soldiers as rowers, and directed his course to the shores of Mitylene where he seized numbers of cattle, a great quantity of corn and wine—the vintage being but lately ended—together with the men who were at work in the fields. Thus plundering as they went, the soldiers landed at last on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe pastured their goats and sheep, and carried off whatever spoil they could find. Daphnis, who quitting his goats had betaken himself to the woods to cut some green branches as winter-fodder for his kids, looked down from among the trees and witnessing the ravages promptly hid himself in the hollow of a decayed tree. Meanwhile Chloe, who had remained in charge of the herds, fled



Gerard inv.

Annedouche sc.

in affright to the Grotto of the Nymphs, and thither the invaders pursued her. Here she entreated them, if they had any respect for the Deities of the place, to spare her and her flocks : but her prayers were of no avail : for the Methymnæans after insulting the statues of the Nymphs, drove off the flocks together with Chloe, whom they hurried on before them, whipping her with switches, as if she had been one of her own goats or sheep.

Their vessels being now full of plunder, the Methymnæans deemed it advisable not to prosecute their voyage any farther, the more especially as they were apprehensive of the winter-storms, and of an attack on the part of the inhabitants. Accordingly they turned their prows homeward; but, as there was no wind, they had to use their oars, and made way but slowly.

Daphnis (when all was quiet) came down to the plain where the flocks were wont to pasture, but not a goat nor a sheep was to be seen, nor was Chloe herself there. When he beheld the whole place deserted and found Chloe's pipe on the ground, he burst into loud and bitter lamentations and ran to the beech tree, beneath which they usually sat, and

then to the shore, to try if he could see her. Then he searched for her in the grotto, whither she had fled, and whence she had been dragged away. Here, he threw himself on the ground in despair, before the statues of the Nymphs whom he charged with having deserted Chloe :

“Chloe has been carried away from you, O Nymphs? and could you endure to see it, she who has woven so many garlands for you, who has offered you so many libations of new milk, she who suspended here that pipe—which I see—as an offering? Never did wolf rob me of a single one of my goats, but now marauders have carried away my entire herd, and the shepherdess, my companion, with them. My goats will be flayed, the sheep will be sacrificed, and Chloe will henceforth be confined in some city far away! How shall I dare to return to my father and mother? It will appear as if I had deserted my charge. I have no flocks left to tend, so here will I lie, till death take me, or other enemies come to carry me away. Ah! Chloe are you also suffering, do you still remember these plains, the Nymphs and me, or do the goats and sheep, your fellow captives, serve to console you in your sorrow?”

Thus did Daphnis vent his grief, till at last weary with weeping and lamenting he fell into a deep sleep. Whilst he was slumbering the three Nymphs appeared before him; they were tall and beautiful, half-naked and without sandals; their hair fell loosely over their shoulders, and in every respect they resembled the statues in the grotto. They began by evincing pity for Daphnis, and, presently, the eldest of them addressed him in the following consolatory manner :

“Do not complain of us, Daphnis; we take more interest in Chloe than you yourself do. We took compassion on her when she was an infant: when she was exposed in this grotto we adopted her and saw to her bringing up. She is no more the daughter of Dryas than you are the son of Lamon. We are even now watching over her, and the Methymnæans shall not make her a slave, nor treat her as part of their spoil. We have entreated Pan (whose statue stands beneath yonder pine, and whom you have never honoured even with a bunch of flowers) to succour Chloe, for he is more used to warfare than we are, and has often quitted his groves to join in the fray. Pan is now on Chloe's side, and the

Methymnæans will find him no trifling enemy. Be not distressed or perplexed, but arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who have thrown themselves on the earth in despair, under the idea that you also have been carried off by the enemy. Tomorrow Chloe will return with the flocks, which you will again tend together, playing on your pipes. Leave your future fates to the care of Love."

Having beheld this vision and heard these words Daphnis sprang up, and, with his eyes full of tears, partly of grief and partly of delight, he paid his adorations to the Nymphs, and vowed that upon Chloe's safe return he would sacrifice the best she-goat of his herd to the protecting Deities. Then leaving the grotto he ran to the pine beneath the shade of which Pan's statue stood. The rural God had the legs and hoofs of a goat, and horns sprouted from his forehead. In one hand he held a pipe, whilst with the other he grasped a bounding goat. Daphnis paid his adorations to Pan, to whom he prayed in behalf of Chloe, promising that he would sacrifice a he-goat to the God in return for her safety. Scarcely did he cease from his tears and entreaties until the setting of the sun, when taking up the green fodder which he

had cut in the woods, he returned home, where his presence dispelled the grief of Lamon and Myrtale, and filled them with joy. After eating a morsel Daphnis retired to rest ; but his sleep was not void of tears. In his slumber he prayed to the Nymphs to bless him with another vision, and sighed for the return of day, when according to the promise of the goddesses, his Chloe was to be restored to him. Never had night seemed to him so long before. Whilst it lasted this is what took place :

When the Methymnæan commander had proceeded rather more than a league, he found his men very weary with the rowing, and wished to afford them some rest. Espying a promontory, which projected into the sea in the form of a crescent, affording as secure a harbour as any regular port, he here dropped anchor, near to a high rock, keeping his vessels at some distance from the shore so that his men might indulge themselves at their ease, without fear of attack from the inhabitants of the coast. The crews, having plenty of provisions among their plunder, ate and drank and gave themselves up to rejoicing, as if they had been celebrating a festival of victory. But when the day closed in, and the night put an end to

their banquet, it suddenly seemed to them that all the earth was in a blaze ; and from the open came a sound of splashing oars, as if a great fleet were approaching. They called upon their commander to prepare for defence ; they shouted to one another, and all was confusion ; some fancied themselves already wounded, others that they could see the corpses of the slain lying before them. There was as much tumult as in an engagement by night, yet no enemy was visible.

Terrible as was the night, the day that followed filled them with yet greater fright, for they beheld Daphnis's goats, with branches of ivy, thick with berries, on their horns ; and they heard Chloe's rams and ewes howling like wolves instead of bleating. Their mistress was seen to have a garland of pine-leaves on her head. Still stranger sights appeared on the sea. The anchors of the vessels stuck so fast in the mud that they could not be drawn up : the oars as soon as dipped were shattered in pieces. Dolphins leaped from the sea around the vessels, and broke many planks with their tails. From the summit of the rock near which the fleet was anchored, the sound of a shepherd's pipe was heard ; but instead of delighting the ear with soft music, it terrified one like a war-

like trumpet blast. The men of Methymna were confounded; they ran to arms, and called out that the enemy was coming, though no enemy could be seen. Then they prayed for the return of night, thinking that might bring some relief from their terrors.

To all those among them who were capable of reflection, it was evident that these phantasms and sounds proceeded from Pan, who must have some cause of anger against them: but what that cause could be, they were at a loss to conjecture, inasmuch as they had not plundered anything that was sacred to the God. Towards noontide their commander (by the express intervention of the Deity), fell into a deep sleep, in which Pan in person appeared to him and addressed him in these words:

“O most wicked and impious of men, to what lengths has your madness driven you! You have filled the fields, which are dear to me, with the tumult of war: you have taken as plunder the herds and flocks, which were my peculiar care. You have dragged from the altar a virgin whom Cupid had reserved to adorn a tale of love. You scorned both the Nymphs, who beheld your deeds, and me the mighty Pan. Never shall you reach Methymna

with these spoils, nor shall you escape the terrors of the pipe which has thus confounded you. I will submerge you in the sea and give you as food to the fishes unless you immediately restore Chloe to the Nymphs, together with the herds and flocks. So arise forthwith, set Chloe on shore with all that I have spoken of, and then I will guide you homeward by sea and her by land."

At these words Bryaxis—thus was the commander named—awoke with a troubled start from his dream, and immediately ordered the captain of each galley to search among his captives for Chloe, a young shepherdess. They soon found her, for her garland of pine-leaves made her conspicuous, and brought her before him. Bryaxis regarded the ornament on her head as a proof and confirmation of what he had seen and heard in the vision, and without delay took her on board his own vessel, the flagship, and conveyed her safely to shore. Scarcely had she set foot on the ground, than the pipe was again heard sounding from the rock : but the sound was no longer dreadful like the blast of the war trumpet : it was sweet as the strains that shepherds play when leading their flocks to pasture. The sheep without stumbling

descended the plank, which was placed as a gangway to the shore; and the goats, accustomed to steep places, skipped yet more boldly along. Upon reaching the land they all formed in a ring around Chloe, like a chorus of dancers, skipping and bleating and exhibiting every symptom of joy; whereas the flocks of other shepherds remained quiet in the holds of the ships, as if aware that the pipe which sounded was not summoning them. At this the spectators were struck with astonishment, and confessed the power of Pan.

Meanwhile still stranger sights appeared by sea and land. Before the crews had time to heave their anchors, the ships of themselves made sail, and a dolphin, leaping and sporting on the waves, swam before the commander's ship as a guide; whilst on shore Chloe's goats and sheep were led along by the sweet music of the pipe, which continued sounding deliciously, though the player was still invisible. The animals seemingly listened with delight to the melody as they browsed and paced gently onward.

It was the time of evening-pasture when Daphnis from the summit of a rock espied his Chloe and her flocks. "O Nymphs! O Pan!" he shouted in rapturc, and hurrying down to the plain he threw himself

into Chloe's arms, so full of delight that he fell fainting to the ground. Chloe's kisses and embraces at length restored him to his senses; whereupon they both repaired to their favourite beech-tree, under the shade of which they sat down, Daphnis inquiring of Chloe how she had escaped from so many enemies. She related every thing that had happened—her abduction in the grotto, her departure on board ship, the appearance of the ivy on the goats' horns, and of the pine garland on her own brow, the wolfish howling of the sheep, the blaze of fire on shore, the strange noise at sea, the alternately warlike and peaceful notes of the pipe, the terrors of the night—and finally how the melody had guided her thither, through fields and over plains to which she was a stranger.

On hearing this, Daphnis recalled his vision of the Nymphs, and recognised the influence of Pan; and, in his turn, he gave Chloe an account of all that he had seen and heard. He informed her how, whilst dying of love and regret, he had been preserved by the intervention of the Nymphs. He then sent Chloe to summon Dryas and Lamon with their servants, and to request them to bring everything requisite for a sacrifice, whilst, in the meantime, he



Genard. inv.

Velard sc.

took the fattest of his she-goats, crowned it with ivy (just as it had appeared to the enemy on board ship), poured a libation of milk between its horns, and slew it as a sacrifice to the Nymphs. Then having hung it up he flayed it, suspended the skin to the rock and consecrated it to the Goddesses.

When Chloe arrived with Lamon and the servants a fire was immediately kindled and part of the goat's flesh was boiled and part of it roasted. First offerings were presented to the Nymphs to whom Daphnis poured a libation of new unfermented wine. Then, having piled some leaves and green branches together in the form of couches for all who were present, he reclined at his ease upon one of them and gave himself up to good cheer and to mirth: albeit at the same time he kept a watchful eye on the flocks for fear lest a wolf should surprise them. When they had all regaled themselves they began to sing songs in praise of the Nymphs—songs that had been composed by the shepherds of former times. They all slept in the field that night, and in the morning bethought themselves of Pan. The buck goat that usually led the herd was selected as a sacrifice, and with a chaplet of pine-leaves bound round his horns was led to the statue

of the God beneath the pine. Here libations were poured upon his horns, the blessing of the God was invoked in fitting language and the victim was sacrificed, suspended and flayed. The flesh, part of which was roasted and part boiled, was spread out on some leaves in the meadow whilst the skin together with the horns was hung upon the tree nigh to the statue of the God—a pastoral offering to a pastoral deity. Neither did they neglect to present a first offering of cooked flesh to Pan or to pour to him the wonted libations from the largest goblet. Chloe sang while Daphnis piped.

The rites had been accomplished and they were reclining on the grass and feasting when Philetas the herdsman came there by chance, bringing with him, as offerings to Pan, some garlands of flowers and leafy vine-branches from which bunches of grapes were suspended. Tityrus, his youngest son, a golden-haired, blue-eyed, fair and sportive lad tripped lightly behind him like a young kid. At the sight of Philetas, Daphnis and Chloe sprang from their grassy couch, assisted in crowning Pan and in suspending the vine-branches to the tree, and then made Philetas seat himself beside them and partake of the



Gérard inv.

Annedouche sc.

banquet. When the old men were moistened with the wine they began to talk of their youthful adventures, of the flocks which they had tended and of the marauders and pirates from whom they had escaped. One prided himself on having slain a wolf, whilst another boasted that in piping he had formerly yielded but to Pan alone. This was the boast of Philetas.

Daphnis and Chloe thereupon urgently entreated him to display his proficiency in honour of Pan, to whom they had been sacrificing, and who delighted in the melody of the pipe. The old herdsman complained that age had weakened his breath, still he consented to comply with their request, and took up Daphnis's pipe. But this was a pipe only fit for boys, too small to admit of any great display of skill and art; and accordingly Philetas sent Tityrus to bring his own pipe from his cottage, which was about half-a-league distant. The boy threw aside his cloak, and darted off like a young roe, whilst Lamon entertained the others by relating the legend of Syrinx, the pipe, as he had heard it from a Sicilian shepherd, to whom he had given a he-goat and a pipe as the price of his tale.

"Syrinx," he said, "was not always a pipe. Syrinx was once a virgin of beautiful form, and melodious

voice. She fed her flocks, and sported with the Nymphs; and the sound of her voice was sweet as it is now. One day when Pan beheld her sporting, singing and tending her flocks, he approached her and endeavoured to entice her, promising her as an inducement that all her she-goats should bear two kids at each birth. But the maiden laughed at his suit, and replied that she could never think of taking as her lover, one who was neither man nor goat, but half of each. Then, as Pan prepared to offer violence, she fled from him, till growing weary with running, she darted among the reeds of a lake and vanished from sight. In his fury her pursuer cut down the reeds; and finding no damsel among them he realised what had happened. She had indeed turned herself into a reed. In memory of her, Pan formed this instrument. By means of wax he joined together reeds of unequal sizes as symbolical of the inequality of their love; and thus she, who had been a beautiful maiden, is now this musical pipe: her name remaining to the instrument."

While Philetas was commending Lamon's fable, which, he said, was more pleasing than any song, Tityrus appeared with his father's pipe, a large instru-

ment formed of the largest reeds, and ornamented with brass over the wax fixtures. One might have imagined it to be the very pipe whose reeds had been compacted by Pan. Philetas now rose to a sitting posture on his couch, and began to try in turn each reed of his instrument to see whether it was clear. The air passed freely through one and all; and then, with as much energy as if he had still been in the prime of youth, he blew so loud and full a note that it seemed as if a band of pipers were playing together in concert. By degrees he blew with less force and played a softer strain, running indeed through all the variations of pastoral melody. He played the tune which the oxen obey; the tune which attracts the goats, and that in which the sheep delight. The notes for the latter were sweet, those for the oxen were deep and sonorous, and those for the goats were shrill. In short, his pipe could express the tones of every pipe that is played.

Those present reposed, listening in silent ecstasy; when Dryas arose and requested Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian strain. Philetas complied, and Dryas began the vintage dance, in which he represented the plucking of the bunches, the bringing of the baskets,

the treading of the grapes, the filling of the jars, and the drinking of the new-made wine. So natural was his mimicry that those present could fancy that the wine, the press, and the jars were actually before them, and that Dryas was really drinking.

Thus did the third of the old men gain his share of praise. In his delight he gave Daphnis and Chloe a kiss, and they immediately sprang from their seats, and began a dance representative of Lamon's legend. Daphnis assumed the character of Pan, and Chloe that of the beautiful Syrinx. Whilst he endeavoured to entice her to his embraces, she smiled in scorn at his attempts. He pursued her, running upon tiptoe, in imitation of the cloven feet of the God; whilst she feigned exhaustion as she ran, and at last hid herself in the wood, which served as a substitute for the reedy lake. Upon losing sight of her, Daphnis seized Philetas's large pipe and breathed into it first the mournful strain of a despairing lover, then a passionate pleading strain, and finally a strain that appealed for the return of her whom he had lost.

So well did Daphnis pipe that Philetas himself was astonished, and ran and embraced the youth, and kissed him. Then, with a prayer that Daphnis might

transmit the pipe to as worthy a successor, he desired him to accept it as a gift. The youth hung up his own little pipe as an offering to Pan, kissed Chloe with as much rapture as if she had really been lost and found again, and then, as night was now coming on, led his goats home to the strains of his new instrument. Chloe also conducted her sheep homeward to the music of her pipe; and the goats kept close to the sheep, as Daphnis kept close to Chloe. Thus did they enjoy each other's company, till the night closed in; and on parting they agreed to meet at the pasture as early as possible the next morning. Indeed, as soon as the day dawned, they were in the fields. They first paid their adorations to the Nymphs, and afterwards to Pan, and then retired to their wonted seat under the beech-tree, where they played upon their pipes, and kissed and embraced each other. They lay down side by side till they bethought themselves of their meal, at which they both drank wine and milk, mixed in the same bowl.

Heated and emboldened by the juice of the grape they now engaged in an amorous strife, and swore perpetual affection and fidelity to one another. Advancing to the sacred pine, Daphnis called Pan to

witness, that he would never live apart from his Chloe—no—not for the space of a single day. Then Chloe hastened to the grotto, and swore by the Nymphs that she would live and die with Daphnis. After that, in the simplicity of her heart, she required that Daphnis should bind himself by a second oath.

“Pan,” said she, “by whom you swore, is a fickle lover, on whom one can place no reliance. He loved Pitys, he loved Syrinx, he never ceases from pursuing the Epimelian Nymphs, he is always pestering the Dryads with his addresses. He who breaks his own vows will but laugh if you betray your faith to me, even should you attach yourself to more damsels than there are reeds in this pipe. Come, my dear Daphnis, you must swear by this herd and by the she-goat who suckled you, that, whilst Chloe is faithful to you, you will never desert her; and that, if she should ever fail in what she has sworn to you and the Nymphs, you will fly from her, detest her, kill her, as you would kill a wolf.”

Thereupon Daphnis, delighted at her jealous mistrust, which testified to the warmth of her affection, placed himself in the midst of his herd, and taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with

the other, he swore that he would be true to Chloe, whilst she was true to him, and that if she should ever prefer another, he would slay not her but himself.

Thereat Chloe felt happy, for she believed in this oath with all the simplicity of a girl and shepherdess, who considers that sheep and goats are the fitting and peculiar deities of those that tend them.





BOOK III





QN the inhabitants of Mitylene hearing of the descent made by the ten galleys from Methymna, and being informed by some of the country folk how the invaders had ravaged their land and pillaged their property, they deemed such injuries insufferable, and forthwith raised a force of three thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry. This they placed under the command of one Hippasus, who had orders to proceed by land instead of embarking on board ship, on account of the danger that attended a voyage in the winter season.

The general set out with his men, but he did not ravage the country of the Methymnæans, nor did he plunder the possessions of the husbandmen and shepherds, for he deemed such petty warfare better suited to a captain of banditti, than to the leader of an army. He hastened his march towards the city itself, hoping to find the gates open and the inhabitants off their guard. But when his troops were within eleven miles of Methymna, a herald came out to them with proposals for a truce. The Methymnæans had discovered from the prisoners they had taken that the citizens of Mitylene were ignorant of the origin of the affray, and that their own young men had given the first provocation by their insolence. Accordingly they regretted having acted so precipitately, and were desirous of restoring all their plunder, and of renewing friendly intercourse by sea and land. Although Hippasus was entrusted with full powers to act as he thought proper, he ordered the herald to proceed to Mitylene, and meanwhile pitched his camp about a mile from the enemy's city, to wait for the answer of his fellow-citizens. In two days a messenger arrived with orders that he was to refrain from any act of hostility, to receive the restored spoil, and to return

home. Having the choice between peace and war, the people of Mitylene had deemed peace to be preferable. Thus did the war between the two cities begin and end in an equally abrupt manner.

About that time the winter set in, whereat Daphnis and Chloe experienced greater concern than on account of the war. The snow fell heavily, blocking up the roads and shutting all the cottagers within doors. Torrents rushed impetuously from the mountains, the ice thickened, the trees seemed dead, and the whole face of the earth disappeared except on the brinks of fountains and margins of rivers.

No one led his flocks to pasture, or even ventured to stir from home; but, lighting their fires as soon as the cocks crowed in the morning, some employed themselves in twisting hemp, some in weaving goats' hair, and some in making nets and snares to catch birds. At the same time they took care to supply the oxen in their stalls with straw, the goats and the sheep in their cotes with leaves, and the hogs in their styes with holm-berries and acorns.

Being confined within doors by the severity of the weather, many of the labourers and shepherds regarded this season as an interval of rest, and immediately

after their morning meal they would lie down and sleep. In this wise the winter appeared to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or even the spring. Daphnis and Chloe, however, cherished in their memory the pleasures of which they were now deprived,—their kisses, embraces, and happy meals together. They passed many a sleepless, sorrowing night, and looked forward to the return of spring as to a resurrection from death. They felt pained whenever chance threw in their way a scrip from which they had eaten, or some pitcher from which they had drunk, or whenever they happened to cast their eyes on a pipe, now thrown aside with neglect, but which had once been bestowed and received as a token of love. Frequently did they pray to the Nymphs and to Pan, to deliver them from their troubles, and once more to let the sun shine upon them and their flocks; and meantime they sought to devise some scheme by which they might obtain a sight of one another. Chloe unaided could contrive no plan, nor contriving one could carry it to success, for her reputed mother was always seated near her, teaching her to card wool and to turn the spindle, and talking to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, had a more inventive

mind and more leisure than the maid, and devised the following scheme for procuring an interview.

Two lofty myrtle trees and an ivy grew in front of Dryas's cottage, close to the wall of the courtyard. The ivy grew between the myrtles, spreading its sprays out like a vine, and forming an arbour by intermingling its leaves with those of the two trees. The berries hung down in thick clusters and were as large as grapes. For lack of food elsewhere, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, wood-pigeons, larks, and a variety of other birds that live on berries came hither in search of sustenance, and sheltered themselves in the arbour. Now, Daphnis, under pretence of going to catch some of these birds, quitted his home—filling his scrip with honeyed cakes and carrying plenty of birdlime and snares, to remove all suspicion of his real design. The distance was little more than a mile, but the frost and the snow, which had not yet melted, would have rendered the road impassable, were it not that Love traverses all distances and passes through fire and water, and even Scythian snows. Thus Daphnis soon arrived at the cottage, shook the snow from his feet, set his snares, spread some birdlime, and seated himself in the arbour

watching the birds, but thinking of Chloe. So many birds were soon caught that he was fully employed in collecting, killing and plucking them. Meantime, not a man, not a damsel, not even a fowl came out of the cottage; the whole family were snugly shut up, gathered around the fire. Daphnis then began to think that he had come at an unlucky time, and that he would not see anyone, unless he found some pretext for knocking at the door.

“But what excuse,” he soliloquised, “can I possibly make? what pretext would appear most probable? If I say I want a light to kindle our fire, they will tell me that I have nearer neighbours. If I ask for something to eat, they will reply, ‘Your scrip is full of victuals.’ If I ask for some wine they will say, ‘You but lately got in the vintage.’ Suppose I assert that a wolf has been pursuing me? But where are the traces of his paws? If I say that I came to snare birds they may reply, ‘Then why not return home if you have caught enough?’ Shall I confess that I came to see Chloe? Ah! who can venture to make so bold an avowal to a father and mother? There is not one of my excuses that is not open to suspicion. So it is best to retire in silence. It seems decreed by the



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Fates that I shall not see my Chloe this winter, I must wait patiently till the spring."

Having indulged in these thoughts he took up his game, and was preparing to depart, when, as if Love took compassion on him, the following occurrence came to pass.

Dryas and his family had spread their table, the portions of meat were distributed, a slice of bread was laid for each, and the goblet was mixed, when one of the sheep-dogs, having watched his opportunity, and finding that no one was observing him, seized a piece of the meat, and escaped out of the house. The stolen meat was the portion of Dryas himself, who forthwith snatched up a club, and pursued the thief, as the dog himself would have pursued a hare. Daphnis had already thrown the birds over his shoulder, and was hurrying away, when Dryas espied him. At the sight of Daphnis he forgot both the meat and the dog, and calling out, "God keep thee, my son!" he ran to the youth, embraced him, took him by the hand, and led him into the house. When the lovers saw each other, they were very near sinking to the ground. They contrived, however, to support themselves, whilst they saluted and clung together: indeed this embrace

served them as a stay and prevented them from falling.

Having thus, contrary to expectation, both seen and kissed his Chloe, Daphnis drew near to the fire, and sat down. Then taking the woodpigeons and thrushes from his shoulder he threw them upon the table, and told the family that weary of so long and tedious a confinement at home, he had eagerly set out in pursuit of sport, and had caught the birds with snares and bird-lime, when they came in search of the myrtle and ivy berries. The family praised his activity, declaring that he was a second Apollo, whose aim nothing could escape, and they urged him to eat some of the meat, which the dog had not stolen; at the same time desiring Chloe to pour them out some wine. She gladly complied, and handed the goblet to all the others before presenting it to Daphnis, with whom she pretended to be vexed, inasmuch that after coming to the arbour he had purposed returning home without asking to see her. However, before she held the goblet out to him, she sipped a little from it; and then when she presented it to the youth, he, although extremely thirsty, drank very slowly in order to prolong his pleasure.

The table having been soon cleared of the fragments of bread and meat, the whole company drew close to the fire, and began to inquire after Myrtale and Lamon, who were deemed fortunate in having such an excellent staff for their old age. Daphnis was delighted at hearing these commendations bestowed upon him in the presence of Chloe, and when her parents insisted upon his remaining with them till the next day, when they intended to sacrifice to Bacchus, he could have adored them in place of the deity. He produced the cakes from his scrip and gave them with the birds, which he had caught, that they might be prepared for supper. A second goblet was mixed; and fresh firing was laid on. Night soon fell and they sat down to another hearty meal, after which they again closed around the fireside, and told tales, and sang songs until retiring to rest. Chloe slept with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe's one thought during the night was that she should see Daphnis the next morning; and Daphnis experienced a vain satisfaction at sleeping with Chloe's father, whom he more than once kissed and embraced, imagining in his dreams that he was embracing the maiden herself.

When the day broke, the cold was intense, and the sharp north wind was parching everything. Dryas and his family arose and, having sacrificed a yearling ram to Bacchus, lighted a large fire to boil the meat.

Whilst Nape made the bread, and Dryas attended to the meat, Daphnis and Chloe retired to the arbour, where they fixed snares and spread birdlime, and again caught a number of birds whilst exchanging kisses and delightful converse.

“Naught but the hope of seeing you brought me here, my Chloe,” said the youth.

“I know it, my dear Daphnis.”

“It is solely on your account that these poor birds perish. What place have I in your affections? Perhaps you had forgotten me.”

“No! my Daphnis, I still cherish the remembrance of you. I swear it by the Nymphs whom I invoked in the grotto whither we will again repair together as soon as the snow shall have melted.”

“Ah, Chloe! the snow lies so thick, I fear I shall melt away before it is gone.”

“Do not despair, Daphnis, the sun is very warm.”

“Oh that it were as warm as the fire which burns my heart!”

“You are in jest; you are deceiving me, Daphnis.”

“No! I swear it by the goats, whom I invoked at your bidding.”

Whilst Chloe was replying, like an echo, to what Daphnis said, Nape called them, and they ran into the house with even a larger number of birds than Daphnis had caught the day before. After first pouring from the goblet a libation to Bacchus, they sat down to their banquet with chaplets of ivy on their heads. They feasted and then sang the praises of the God; and when it was time for Daphnis to depart, Dryas and his wife filled his bag with meat and bread, and insisted upon his carrying the wood-pigeons and thrushes home to Lamon and Myrtale; for, as they said, they would be able to catch as many as they pleased for their own use as long as the winter lasted and there were berries left on the ivy. At length Daphnis bade them farewell, and gave each of them a kiss; saluting Chloe last of all, that her kiss might remain pure and unalloyed upon his lips.

After this he frequently contrived pretences for renewing his visits to Dryas's abode; so that the winter did not pass without some taste of the sweets of love.

As the spring drew nigh the snow melted, the

earth displayed itself, and the grass began to grow. Then the shepherds and herdsmen again led their flocks to pasture, and Daphnis and Chloe were earlier than all others, for they themselves were guided by the mightiest of shepherds, Love. The first place to which they hastened was the Grotto of the Nymphs: next they ran to the pine beneath which stood the statue of Pan, and then to the oak under which they had so often sat, watching their feeding flocks and kissing and embracing. So that they might crown the statues of the deities they sought for flowers: these were but just beginning to bud under the influence of the Zephyrs and the warmth of the sun; however they found the violet, the narcissus, and the pimpernel, indeed all the first flowers of the year; and with these they crowned the statues, pouring out libations of new milk, which they drew from the ewes and the she-goats. These rites performed, they tuned their pastoral pipes, as if challenging the nightingales to renew their song: and soon the nightingales answered them from the thickets, at first faintly warbling their lament for Itys and gradually perfecting their strains which they recalled but slowly after so long a silence.

Then too the sheep began to bleat, while the lambs frisked on the sward, or stooped under their mothers to suck. And the he-goats contended for their mates, jealously guarding the one they selected from the approaches of any rival.

The sight of all these things would have kindled love even among the aged and greatly did it inflame this young couple, already warmed by desire and longing for some other remedy to love beyond a kiss and an embrace. Especially was this the case with Daphnis, who, having passed the winter at home in inactivity, was more impetuous and pressing than ever in the caresses he bestowed on Chloe. He besought her to grant his desires, proposing that they should follow the one course, indicated by Philetas, that remained untried. But Chloe in all simplicity demurred, asking him, moreover, what there could possibly be beyond kisses and embraces; and he, unacquainted with the mysteries of love, shed tears at his own ignorance.

Now, in the neighbourhood, there lived an old man named Chromis who farmed some land of his own. His wife, who was young and good-looking, came from the city and was superior in manners to the rustics of

these parts. She was called Lycænum. Every day she saw Daphnis drive his goats past her house, taking them to pasture in the morning, and home again at night; and being desirous of enticing him to love, she began to watch him and at last surprised him when he was alone. She then gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a scrip of deer skin, but she dared not speak her mind, for she suspected that he loved Chloe since he was always in the latter's company. Still she knew nothing for certain, having as yet only seen them exchanging smiles and signs. One morning soon afterwards, pretending to Chromis that she was going to visit a neighbour who had been brought to bed, she followed the young couple to the fields; and hiding herself in a thicket, that she herself might not be seen, she saw and heard all that passed between them, especially noting why it was that Daphnis wept. Being herself in love with him, she forthwith resolved to enlighten his ignorance, and with that object contrived the following ruse.

On the morrow, after again pretending that she was going to visit her neighbour, she repaired to the oak beneath which Daphnis and Chloe were seated, and feigning great alarm, exclaimed :

“ Assist me, I entreat you, Daphnis. An eagle has carried off the finest of my twenty geese, but his spoil being too heavy for him he has been unable to carry it to yonder high rock, where he has his nest, and has alighted with it in the wood, in the valley. I am afraid to go alone, so in the name of Pan and the Nymphs, Daphnis, come there with me and help me to recover my goose. I am unwilling to lose it; and besides you may perchance kill the eagle, in which case your kids and lambs would no longer be in danger. Meanwhile Chloe can guard both flocks : your goats know her as well as they know you, for you are always together.”

Daphnis, who had no suspicion of the truth, at once arose and followed Lycænum, who led him far away from Chloe, into the depths of the wood, near a spring. Then, after telling him to sit down beside her, she said :

“ You are in love, Daphnis. The Nymphs informed me of it last night. They came to me whilst I was asleep, told me of the tears that you shed yesterday, and commanded me to enlighten you as to the mysteries of love. If therefore you desire to be freed from your pains, you must do as I bid you and out of

regard for the Nymphs I myself will obey their command."

So great was the delight of Daphnis that, like the simple-minded shepherd he was, he threw himself at Lycænum's feet, entreating her to reveal the secret and promising to give her in return a kid, some cheeses, new milk, and even a she-goat. The liberality of his offers shewed her that he was yet more simple than she had imagined. As soon as she had tutored him, he would have hastened back to Chloe to impart to her the knowledge he had gained, but Lycænum detained him and warned him of the danger that might result to Chloe. Then she proceeded to another part of the wood as if she were still in search of the lost goose, and Daphnis, reflecting on what she had told him, resolved that he would but kiss and embrace Chloe in his wonted manner.

Upon his return he found her weaving a chaplet of violets; and after pretending that he had delivered Lycænum's goose from the talons of the eagle, he kissed and embraced her. In that at least, thought he, there could be no harm. In return, Chloe placed the chaplet she had made upon his brow and kissed his hair, which to her mind had a sweeter perfume

even than the violets. Then she gave him some dry figs and bread from her scrip, and whilst he was partaking of this fare she oft-time snatched a morsel from his mouth and ate it, as though she had been a nestling taking food from its mother's beak.

Whilst they were at their meal, more intent on kissing than on eating, they descried a fishing boat proceeding along the coast. Not a breath of air was stirring: the calm was perfect, and plying their oars, the crew rowed vigorously towards the city whither they were carrying some newly caught fish for a wealthy citizen. They dipped and raised their oars in rhythmical fashion; and, as is the wont of seamen, to beguile their toil one of them sang a song, in the chorus of which the others joined at intervals. While they were in the open sea, the sound of their voices was lost in space, but when after rounding a headland they reached a hollow crescent-shaped bay, the splashing of their oars was heard distinctly and their song resounded along the shore, where a deep valley skirting the water received each note that was uttered, and like an instrument of music repeated it with perfect imitation. The splashing of the oars and the voices of the sailors could be distinguished separately,

and delightful sounds they were. According to the varying distance of the boat from the valley, there was a shorter or longer interval between the sound of the singing on board and the echo which repeated it.

Daphnis, who understood the nature of the echo, turned his attention solely to the sea, gazing delightedly at the boat as it glided past, quicker than a bird could fly. At the same time he endeavoured to fix the strains in his memory that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who, till then, had never heard an echo, looked first at the sea and listened to the boatmen as they sang, and then turned round to the woods in expectation of seeing the other men who, as she imagined, were responding to the chorus.

At length the rowers passed out of sight, and all became silent: not a sound was to be heard from the sea or from the valley: whereupon Chloe inquired of Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the hill, and another boat, whose crew sang the same strain, and ceased singing at the same time. Daphnis gave her a sweet smile and yet sweeter kiss, and, putting the garland of violets on her head, said that he would tell her the story of the Nymph Echo, if she would promise to give him ten kisses for his pains.

“There are various classes of Nymphs, my girl,” he said, “the Melians, who dwell among the ash-groves, the Dryads, who preside over the oaks, and the Elœan Nymphs, who are guardians of the lakes. Echo was the daughter of one of these Nymphs: as her mother was beautiful so was she, but as her father was a mortal, she was the same. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and the Muses taught her to play upon the pipe, the flute, the lyre, and the harp, in fact, to excel in every kind of music. When she reached the flower of her youth, she danced with the Nymphs, and sang with the Muses. Desirous of remaining a maiden she shunned the sight of all males, whether they were men or gods. This roused the indignation of Pan, who, jealous of her skill in music, and irritated by her refusal of his addresses, inspired the shepherds and herdsmen with such madness, that they rushed upon her like so many hounds or wolves, tore her in pieces, and scattered her mangled limbs, which were yet replete with harmony, in every direction. Then Earth, who was desirous of gaining favour with the Nymphs, collected Echo's remains, preserving her gift of song and, by the will of the Muses, imitating all sounds as did the maiden while she was alive: both

the sounds of instruments and animals, the voices of gods and men, and even that of Pan. He, while he is playing on his pipe, and hears his notes repeated, springs in amazement from his seat, and rushes over the mountains, not in pursuit of the maiden, for he does not know that it is her voice responding to him, but to find out who is his hidden pupil."

When Daphnis had finished his tale, Chloe kissed him, not ten times as he had asked her, but a thousand, and Echo repeated every kiss, as if to testify that Daphnis had not included in his story of her anything that was contrary to truth.

The heat of the weather increased daily as the spring was departing and the summer approaching. The new delights that this season brings returned once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, and Chloe bathed in the springs; he piped, vying with the zephyrs that breathed through the pines, whilst she sang, emulating the nightingales with her melody: they amused themselves in chasing and catching noisy locusts and chattering grasshoppers, in gathering posies, and in shaking fruit from the trees, and eating it. At times also they would repose side by side under a goatskin. Daphnis now often prevented

Chloe from displaying her charms, for he remembered what Lycænius had told him, and feared lest he should be unable to restrain himself. She in her innocence was astonished; however, she made no remark.

During the summer Chloe had many suitors, who came to Dryas and begged his daughter in marriage. Some brought presents to add weight to their suit, and some made great promises. Nape was elated and advised her husband to marry off Chloe immediately, and not to keep a girl of her age any longer at home, observing that some artful shepherd might entice her whilst she was tending her flocks, and that the best course was to secure a good match for her, and to keep the presents of her suitors for the infant son that had lately been born to them.

Dryas sometimes felt inclined to follow this advice, for the gifts brought by each of Chloe's suitors were far beyond what a mere shepherdess was entitled to expect; but on the other hand he reflected, that the maiden deserved a better husband than a mere rustic, and that, if ever her real parents were discovered, they might make Nape and himself rich for life.

These considerations had such weight with him,

that he declined to give a positive answer, and postponed the matter from time to time, in the meanwhile receiving many presents of considerable value. Chloe, as soon as she knew of what was passing, was overcome with grief; but she concealed the cause from Daphnis lest she might give him pain. Daphnis, however, was so eager in his inquiries as to the cause of her sadness, that she realised he would be more miserable if the truth were concealed from him than if he knew it; accordingly she acquainted him with every circumstance—with the applications of numerous wealthy suitors, with Nape's arguments in favour of immediate matrimony, and with the hesitation of Dryas, who had refused to give his consent, until the next vintage season should begin.

On hearing this, Daphnis, almost beside himself, sat down and wept bitterly, exclaiming that he should die if he were deprived of Chloe as a companion in the pastures; and that her sheep also would die of grief at the loss of such a mistress. After this explosion of sorrow, he became more collected, and resolved to take courage. It occurred to him that he might endeavour to persuade Chloe's father to receive him as her suitor, flattering himself that he was far

superior to her other admirers. But there was one obstacle which gave him no little uneasiness;—Lamon, his own father, was not rich; and on remembering this, his chances of success seemed very slender. Nevertheless he determined to put in his claim, and Chloe approved of his doing so.

Daphnis did not dare to declare his intentions straightway to Lamon, but with Myrtale he was bolder, and he told her of his love and of his desire to marry Chloe. At night time Myrtale spoke of the matter to her husband; but Lamon highly disapproved of the plan, and chided his wife for thinking of marrying, to a common shepherd's daughter, a youth who, by the tokens found with him, seemed destined to a much higher fortune, and who, should he ever find his true relatives, would not only procure the freedom of his foster-father and mother, but also make them master and mistress of a larger estate than even that on which they now worked as servants.

Myrtale, who was afraid to tell Daphnis how averse her husband was to the marriage, lest the youth should be driven in despair to attempt his life, gave him a very different reason for Lamon's opposition:

“We are poor, my son, and we require a girl who

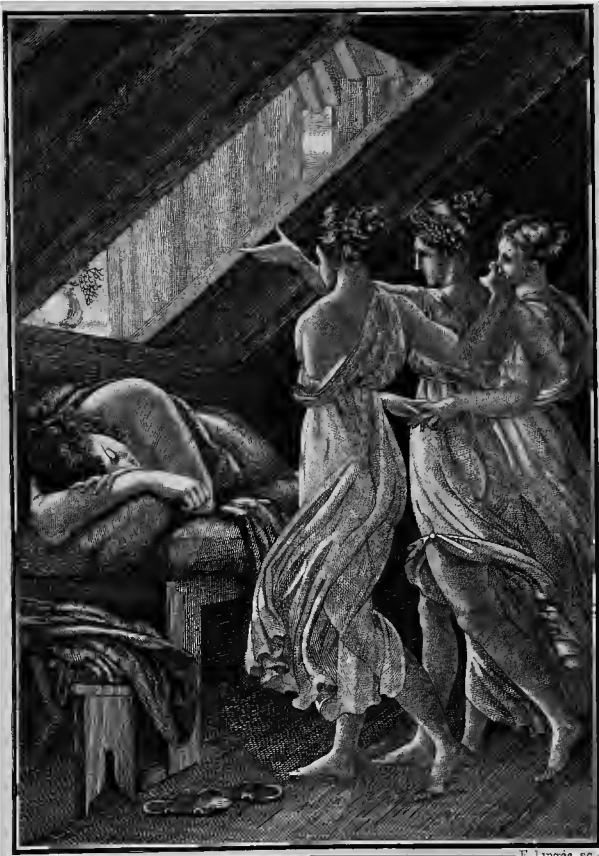
will bring a large portion with her: they on their side are rich, and expect rich suitors. However, go and persuade Chloe to induce her father not to look for a large settlement, but to let you have her as a wife. The girl, I am convinced, loves you dearly, and would certainly prefer a handsome man like yourself, however poor, to an ugly ape, however rich."

Myrtale was convinced in her own mind that as Dryas had to deal with so many rich suitors, he would never consent to Chloe marrying Daphnis; and considered that she had devised the best expedient possible for disposing of the subject of the marriage.

Daphnis could not find fault with her advice, but being quite destitute of the means which might insure success to his suit, he burst into tears, as most poor lovers usually do; and then he again invoked the assistance of the Nymphs.

Whilst he was asleep that night, three of them appeared to him in the same dress and form as they had appeared before, and the eldest of them addressed him in these words:

"Chloe's marriage is in the care of another deity: as for yourself, however, we will furnish you with means to soften Dryas, and gain his consent. The



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boat belonging to the young men of Methymna, whose withe of osiers was eaten by your goats, was carried far out to sea by the violence of the gale, but at night the wind shifted and blew towards the shore, when the boat was driven against some sharp rocks and wrecked, everything on board it being lost. A purse of three thousand drachmas,* however, was cast ashore, and now lies covered with sea-weed near a dead dolphin, the stench of which is so offensive, that all who pass that way hasten by it as fast as they can. Go, take this money, and offer it to Dryas. It will suffice for the present that you should not appear absolutely poor; the time will come when you will be very rich."

Having thus instructed Daphnis, the Nymphs disappeared and with them the darkness of the night. The day broke, and Daphnis leaped from his bed with delight, and drove his goats to pasture with boisterous eagerness. After kissing Chloe, and paying his adorations in the grotto, he went down to the sea, pretending that he intended to bathe, and walked along the sands close to the surf looking for the money. The search required little labour, for the putrid dolphin exhaled a strong smell which served to guide him on

* Equivalent to about £123.

his way. He approached it, and upon removing some sea-weed he found the purse full of silver, and put it in his scrip. But before leaving the spot he invoked blessings on the Nymphs and on the ocean; for albeit a shepherd, he now thought the sea more delightful than the land, since it contributed to promote his marriage with Chloe.

Having obtained possession of the three thousand drachmas, he thought himself not merely richer than his neighbours, but the richest man upon earth, and immediately hastened to Chloe, related his dream to her, showed her the purse, and desired her to tend the herds till he came back. Then with a quick pace and stout heart he hurried away to Dryas, whom he found with Nape beating out corn on the threshing floor. He at once boldly addressed them upon the subject of the marriage.

“I am come to ask Chloe of you as a wife,” he said, “I can play well on the pipe, I can prune vines, I can dig, I can plant, I can plough, and I can winnow. Chloe can bear witness to my skill as a herdsman; fifty she-goats were given to my charge, and their number is now fully doubled. We used formerly to send our she-goats to a neighbour’s males; but I have now

reared several large handsome he-goats of our own. I am young; and, as I have been your neighbour, you know my character. A goat, moreover, suckled me, as an ewe suckled Chloe. On these grounds, alone, I think I may claim a preference to other suitors, and none of their gifts shall exceed mine. They may offer goats and sheep, or a yoke of wretched oxen, or corn that is even not fit food for fowls; but I will give you three thousand drachmas—only let no one know what I have offered—not even Lamon my father!” With these words Daphnis presented the money and threw his arms around Dryas’s neck.

Dryas and Nape were surprised at the sight of so much money, and not only promised to give Chloe in marriage, but also undertook to go and procure Lamon’s consent to the match. Nape stayed with Daphnis and, driving the oxen round the floor, separated the grains from the stalks by means of the corn drag. Dryas, in the meantime, carefully stowed away the money in the place where Chloe’s tokens were kept, and hastened to Lamon’s house upon his somewhat novel errand; for it is not usual for a parent to go in pursuit of a husband for his daughter. He found Lamon and Myrtale measuring some barley

which had just been winnowed, and sorely annoyed at finding that it amounted to little more than the seed which had been sown. Dryas endeavoured to console them by assuring them that the complaint was general that season; and he then asked that Daphnis might marry Chloe.

"Others," said he, "would willingly make me handsome presents, but I will accept nothing from you. On the contrary, I will give you of my own substance. The young folks have been brought up together, they have pastured their flocks in company, they have contracted a mutual fondness for each other that cannot easily be dispelled, and they are now of an age to be married."

These and many more arguments he urged with all the eloquence of a pleader who has received three thousand drachmas for his fee. Lamon was unable to urge his poverty, as Dryas had waived all objections on that score; nor could he say that Daphnis was too young, for he was now grown to be a man: yet he still refrained from explaining the real motive of his unwillingness, which was that such a match did not accord with the apparent destiny of Daphnis. After reflecting for some time in silence he replied as follows:

“You act justly, Dryas, in preferring your neighbours to strangers, and in not deeming wealth to be superior to honest poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for this! I myself am eager for the marriage: I am already past middle age, and begin to feel the want of assistance in my work, so I should indeed be crazy if I were to refuse a connection with your family. The connection itself is desirable, and Chloe's beauty, youth, and goodness make it doubly so. At the same time you must consider that I am only a serf on this estate: that I am owner of nothing here. It is necessary therefore, that my master should be made acquainted with the business, and that we should have his consent. Suppose then that we defer the marriage till the autumn. Some travellers from the city have informed me that my master intends coming hither at that season. The young folks shall then be made man and wife; for the present let them love each other like brother and sister. I will say nothing further, friend Dryas, save that the youth you seek as son-in-law, is superior to us all.”

He said no more, but embraced Dryas and handed him the goblet, for it was mid-day and very hot; and

wishing to show him every mark of kindness he accompanied him part of his way home.

Lamon's last words had not been lost upon Dryas who as he walked along reflected :

“Who can Daphnis be? He was suckled by a goat: the Gods themselves must have provided for him:—he is very handsome, and bears no resemblance to Lamon, whose nose is flat, or to Myrtale whose head is growing bald. He gave me three thousand drachmas—few goat-herds have as many nuts of their own! Was he exposed like Chloe? Was he found, as I found her, with tokens about his person? O Pan, O Nymphs, grant that it may be so. Peradventure the finding of his own parents may conduce to the discovery of those of Chloe.”

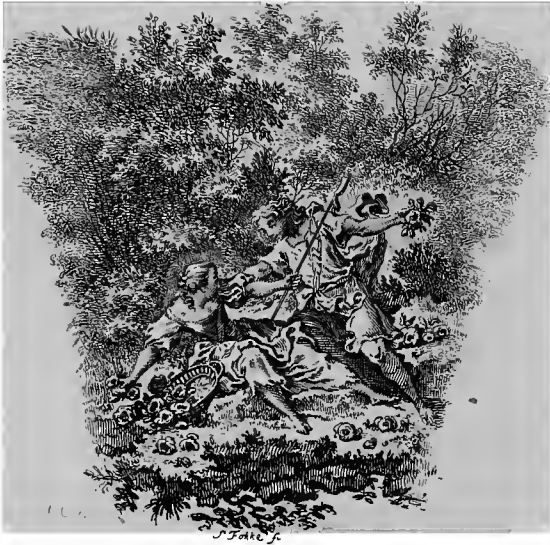
Whilst revolving these thoughts in his mind, as in a dream, he reached the threshing-floor, where he found Daphnis eager to hear what answer he had brought. By addressing the young man as son-in-law, Dryas at once dispelled his anxiety; he informed him that the nuptials would take place in the autumn, and gave him his right hand in confirmation of his promise that Chloe should wed no other suitor.

Quicker than thought, without stopping to eat or

drink, as he was entreated, Daphnis ran to Chloe. He found her making some cheese of the milk she had drawn from her ewes and he told her the good news. From that time forward he kissed her openly, as if she were already his wife, and not by stealth as he had been wont to do, and he assisted her in all her work, milking her ewes for her, setting her cheese on the racks, and placing her lambs under their dams, as he did with his own kids. Then when the work was finished, they would bathe, eat and drink, and go in search of ripe fruit, of which there was then great abundance. There were pears of every description, quantities of medlars, and all sorts of apples and quinces, some of which were lying on the ground, whilst some were still on the branches of the trees. Those upon the ground smelt the sweeter ; those upon the boughs were fresher ; the former were as fragrant as new wine, the latter shone like gold. One apple-tree had been stripped ; its branches were bare, every leaf was torn off, and all the fruit had been gathered except a single apple, which grew upon the top of the highest branch. This apple was very large and beautiful, and its fragrance alone excelled the united fragrance of many others. The person who had plucked the other fruit

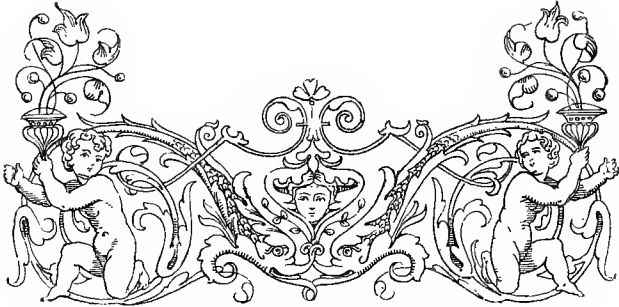
had either been afraid of climbing to the top of the tree, or had not cared to knock this apple down; or maybe this beautiful apple had been purposely preserved for some love-sick shepherd. Scarcely had Daphnis espied it, however, than he began to climb the tree. Chloe endeavoured to prevent him, but he paid no heed to her, and finding herself disregarded, she ran off pettishly to her sheep, whilst Daphnis, climbing the tree, reached the apple and plucked it. Then hastening after Chloe, whom he found in an angry mood, he presented it to her saying, "This fruit, maiden, was produced and cherished by the Hours; Phœbus matured it with his beams, and Fortune has preserved it. I must needs have been blind not to have seen it; and having once seen it I should have been a fool had I left it on the tree that it might fall to the ground, where the cattle might have trodden on it whilst grazing, and the snakes have crept over it, and defiled it. And had it been left on the tree it might have been spoilt by time. Venus received an apple as the prize of beauty; and the same prize I now give to you. You are both possessed of the same beauty, and your judges are of equal standing; for Paris was a shepherd and I am a goatherd."

With these words he laid the apple in Chloe's lap, and she, when he drew near to her, gave him a kiss ; so that Daphnis did not repent of having climbed so high ; for the kiss that he received was to his mind worth even more than the golden apples of the Hesperides.





BOOK IV





TH happened that one of Lamon's neighbours and fellow serfs, who had been to Mitylene, came to him on his return, and informed him that their master intended coming just before the vintage to see if the Methymnæans had done any damage to his estate during their late incursion. The summer was now closing, and the great heat had passed, so that Lamon immediately began to put his house and garden in order, that everything might please his master's eye. He cleansed the fountains, that the water might be clear and pure; carried the manure

out of the yard for fear lest the smell might prove offensive; and trimmed his orchard that it might appear in all its beauty.

His orchard was indeed a beautiful one, laid out in a princely style. It was situated on high ground, and was five hundred feet in length, comprising in all four acres. The apple, the myrtle, the pear, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive, and indeed every kind of tree grew here in perfection. Here and there were lofty vines, thickly laden with clusters and climbing up the pear and apple trees, whose own fruit ripened beside the black grapes; vine and tree alike seemingly vying in fecundity. Such were the cultivated trees; but the place abounded also with others, which were the natural growth of the soil, such as the cypress, the laurel, the plane and the pine, over which in lieu of a vine an ivy stretched out her branches, covered with berries as large and as black as grapes.

The fruit trees occupied a central position, as being the more precious, whilst those that bore no fruit were ranged around like a fence, and the whole was inclosed by a slight hedge. All were distributed and placed in due order, each tree was set at an equal distance from its neighbour, but at a certain height the branches

closed over, and intermingled their leaves with a regularity which, although due to nature, appeared to be the effect of art. There were also beds of various flowers, some of which were cultivated plants, and others the spontaneous production of the soil. The rose trees, hyacinths, and lilies had been planted by man, but the violets, the narcissus, and the pimpernel were the growth of nature. There was shade for the summer, flowers for the spring, fruits for the autumn, and indeed enjoyment for every season of the year.

The spot commanded a fine view of the plains, with the herds and flocks that grazed upon them. The sea, also, and the passing ships were plainly visible, so that the prospect formed no small part of the beauty of the place. In the very centre of the grounds there was a temple and an altar sacred to Bacchus. An ivy encircled the altar, and a vine overspread the temple, inside of which, on the walls, the various events of the God's history were depicted—the delivery of Semele, Ariadne sleeping, Lycurgus bound, Pentheus torn in pieces, the victories over the Indians, and the metamorphosis of the Tyrrhenian sailors. On all sides were Satyrs gaily vintaging and treading the grapes, and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan for-

gotten: he was depicted seated upon a rock and playing upon his pipe, with which he seemed to be regulating both the motions of the Satyrs as they trod the grapes, and the attitudes of the Bacchantes who were dancing.

Such was the garden which Lamon was busy setting in order for his master's reception, cutting away all the dead-wood from the trees, and raising all the trailing vine branches. Every day he crowned the statue of Bacchus with a fresh garland, and conveyed water from the spring to the flower beds. For there was here a spring which Daphnis had discovered and which was called Daphnis's Fountain. Its water was used exclusively for the flowers. As for the young man, Lamon had charged him to get his goats into as good condition as was possible, since their master would undoubtedly desire to inspect them after his long absence from the farm.

Daphnis, however, was under no apprehension on this head, but felt confident of praise, for the herd, which he had received in charge, was now increased two-fold; not one of the goats had ever been captured by a wolf, and all of them were already fatter than sheep. However, being desirous of inclining his master

favourably in regard to his marriage, Daphnis displayed every care and great activity, driving his goats to the fields very early and only returning late, leading them to the water twice every day and selecting the richest pastures. He also provided new bowls, a number of new milk pails and larger cheese racks; and such care did he bestow on his goats that he even oiled their horns and combed their hair. They might have been mistaken for the sacred herd of Pan. Chloe shared in all Daphnis's toil, and neglected her own flock that she might be of greater assistance to him. To this Daphnis attributed the beauty of his herd.

Whilst they were occupied in this manner, a second messenger came from the city with orders that they were to proceed with the vintage as speedily as possible. He announced, also, that he would remain with them till they had made the new wine, after which he would return to Mitylene and bring their master, who did not propose coming until the vintage was over. This messenger was called Eudromus, which signifies "the runner," and indeed his employment consisted in running wheresoever he was ordered. He received a hearty welcome from Lamon and his family, and they

at once began to strip the vines, to press the grapes, and to place the must in the jars, leaving, however, some of the finest clusters on the vines that those who came from the city might form some idea of the vintage and its delights.

Before Eudromus departed Daphnis gave him several presents, such as it is in the power of a goatherd to bestow, some fine cheeses, a little kid and a white shaggy goat-skin, which he might wear whenever he ran on errands in the winter. Eudromus was greatly pleased thereat and embraced Daphnis, promising to speak favourably of him to his master. Then, thus well disposed towards him, he set out leaving Daphnis with Chloe in a state of dire anxiety. She had many fears on her lover's account, reflecting that so far he had only been accustomed to seeing his goats, the mountains, his fellow-labourers in the fields and herself, and yet now he was soon to appear for the first time before his master, whom he had hitherto known only by name. She was anxious as to how he would conduct himself, and was agitated in regard to their marriage, fearing that all their expected happiness might prove but a dream. Frequently did she and Daphnis kiss, and frequently and closely did they embrace, but sadness

and fear entered into their caresses, as if their master were already there and could behold them.

Whilst they were thus perturbed there came an addition to their troubles. A certain Lampis, a herdsman of a domineering and artful disposition, had asked Dryas for Chloe in marriage, and had presented the former with many handsome gifts in view of promoting his suit. He was aware, however, that if the master of the estate should give his consent, Daphnis would secure the maiden as his bride, and so he resolved to devise some scheme for setting Lamon's family and the master at variance. Knowing how fond the master was of his garden, he determined to ravage it as far as lay in his power. He could not venture to cut down the trees, as the noise might betray him; so he resolved to vent his spite upon the flowers; and having waited till it was dark, he then climbed over the hedge, and like a boar, rooted up many of the flowers, broke others and trampled upon all alike. This done he stealthily effected his retreat without being observed.

In the morning when Lamon came to water his flowers with the streams that he conducted from the fountain, and saw the whole place laid waste and the

damage, which appeared to be the work rather of some determined enemy than of a thief, however spiteful, he rent his clothes, and called so loudly upon the Gods that Myrtale threw down what she had in her hands and ran out; whilst Daphnis who was driving his herds to pasture hastened back; and when they beheld the ravage they gave vent to a loud shriek and burst into tears.

It was vain to lament the loss of the flowers, but they dreaded their master's anger, and could not stifle their sorrow. Had any stranger passed by he would have wept also; for the whole flower garden was wrecked; naught remained but trampled mould and remnants of plants, with here and there some solitary flower that had escaped being crushed to pieces, and which with its colours yet gay and bright looked still beautiful, though fallen. The bees swarmed over the prostrate plants, and by their incessant buzzing seemed to be lamenting their fate, whilst Lamon, in despair cried out :

“ Alas! my rose trees, how are they broken! Alas! my violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! my narcissus and hyacinths, they are rooted up! Some bad and wicked man must have thus wrecked

them. The spring will return, but they will not put forth their buds! The summer will come, and there will be naught to deck this spot! The autumn will arrive, but there will not even be the wherewithal for a garland! And you, my protector, Bacchus, did not you deign to pity the flowers which grew so near to your abode, and with which I have so often crowned your brows? How can I show this garden to my master? When he sees it, what will he say? Will he not hang his old servant like a second Marsyas on one of those pines? Aye he will do so, and perchance he will hang Daphnis also, thinking that his goats caused this destruction."

Their grief now increased; they ceased to weep for the flowers, and wept for themselves. At the idea of Daphnis being hanged Chloe shed bitter tears and prayed that their master might never come. Long and painful were the days that followed, for in imagination she fancied that she could behold Daphnis suffering under the scourge.

It was nearly evening when Eudromus returned, and informed them that their master would only arrive in three days' time, but that his son would be with them the very next morning. They then began

to consult one another as to what course they should follow with regard to the misfortune which had happened. Eudromus was informed of it, and his advice was requested. He, feeling a sincere friendship for Daphnis, advised them to relate the whole affair to their young master, as soon as the latter should arrive. Their young master, said he, was his foster-brother, on which account he enjoyed his favour, and he promised to speak to him on their behalf.

On the morrow they did as Eudromus had recommended. Astylus, their master's son, arrived on horseback, and a fawning parasite, who always accompanied him, rode by his side. The beard of the former was but just beginning to grow, but Gnatho's chin had long since felt the razor. Lamon with Myrtale and Daphnis came out to meet them, and Lamon, falling at his young master's feet, besought him to avert his father's anger and to take pity on an unfortunate old man, who had not been to blame in any respect. Astylus listened with great commiseration, and when he came to the garden and saw the havoc that had been wrought, he promised to plead their excuse with his father by laying the fault on his own horses, which, he could assert had been tethered in the garden, and

growing restive, had broken loose, trampling and destroying the flowers.

In return for his compassion Lamon and Myrtale called upon the Gods to shower blessings upon him, whilst Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, vine-branches covered with grapes, and apples still hanging from boughs. Among Daphnis's other gifts was some fragrant Lesbian wine of exquisite flavour.

Astylus expressed himself well-pleased with what Daphnis presented to him, and pending the arrival of his father, he engaged in hare hunting, as became a young man of wealth who merely visited the country for a change of amusement.

Now Gnatho was a glutton whose whole science consisted in eating to excess, drinking till he was inebriated, and satisfying his evil vices after he had indulged in the cup. He was indeed all palate and all belly. He had remarked Daphnis whilst the latter was offering his presents, and being naturally vicious, and never before having seen so handsome a youth even in the city, he determined to insinuate himself into his good graces; thinking that he could easily gain over a mere goat-herd. Having conceived this project he refused to go

hunting with Astylus, and proceeded in the direction of the shore, to the spot where Daphnis was tending his herd. He gave as his pretext a desire to see the goats, but in reality he wished to gaze upon the goat-herd. To gain the latter's goodwill he began by praising the animals, and then begged Daphnis to play some pastoral strain upon his pipe, promising that he would soon obtain his freedom for him, since he had great influence and credit with his master. Then, in the evening as Daphnis was leading his herd home, Gnatho, who thought that he had disposed the young man favourably began to make offensive proposals to him.

For some time Daphnis failed to understand, but when he did he dealt Gnatho so rough a blow that the parasite, who was in liquor and scarce able to stand, fell prostrate to the ground, where he lay in sore need of some one to pick him up. From that time forward Daphnis, bent on holding no communication with him, constantly changed from one pasturage to another, avoiding Gnatho as sedulously as he sought Chloe. And on his side, Gnatho, having discovered that Daphnis was not merely a handsome but also a stalwart youth, refrained from pursuing him; though he

sought for a favourable opportunity to speak of him to Astylus, flattering himself that he might obtain him as a gift from the latter, who was wont to grant him all his requests.

For the time, however, he was unable to carry out his plans, for Dionysophanes, the master of the estate, now arrived with his wife Clearista ; and great was the stir occasioned by their horses, varlets and maids. Pending the time when he might find Astylus alone, Gnatho busied himself in preparing a fine discourse in regard to the young goatherd.

Dionysophanes' hair was already turning grey, but he was tall and handsome, and could compare favourably with many young men. In wealth he had but few equals, and in virtues he had none. On the day of his arrival he sacrificed to the rural deities, to Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and caused one common bowl to be prepared for all present. On the morrow he visited the estate that was in Lamon's charge, and when he saw the well-ploughed fields, the carefully tended vines, and the beauty of the garden—for Astylus had taken the blame about the flowers on himself,—he was highly delighted, and bestowed praises upon Lamon, and promised to give him his

freedom. After inspecting the farm he went to see the goats and their young herdsman; and on his approach Chloe fled to the woods, ashamed and frightened to appear before so many strangers. Daphnis, however, stood still: a shaggy goatskin served him as a coat, a new scrip was suspended from his shoulder, in one hand he carried some fine cheeses that had just been made, whilst with the other he held two sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the herds of Laomedon, he must have appeared as Daphnis appeared now. The youth did not speak a word, but with a flush suffusing his face, bowed his head and presented his offerings.

“This, master,” said Lamon, “is the young man who tends your goats. Fifty she-goats, and two he-goats were the number I received from you: this youth has increased the former to a hundred, and the latter to ten. Observe what fine sound horns they have; and how fat and long-haired they are in body. Moreover, he has taught them to understand music, and all their movements are regulated by the pipe.”

Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, expressed a wish for some proof of this assertion,

and desired Daphnis to pipe to his goats in his usual manner, promising him for his pains a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of sandals. Then Daphnis, standing under the shade of a beech-tree with all the company disposed in a semi-circle around him, took his pipe from his scrip and breathed into it very softly. The goats stood still, merely raising their heads. Then he piped to pasture and forthwith they all lowered their heads and began to graze. Next he piped some sweeter notes and all the herd lay down ; whilst when he suddenly changed to a sharper key, they scampered off to the wood as if a wolf had been in sight. After a short interval the youth piped a recall, and then darting from their covert the animals ran to his feet. Few servants obey their masters so well as the goats obeyed Daphnis's pipe. The whole company were surprised at the youth's skill, and Clearista, who was particularly astonished, vowed that she would keep the promise she had made to the handsome goatherd who played so skilfully. The party then returned to the farm for dinner, and sent Daphnis some dainties from their own table.

These he shared with Chloe, delighted at partaking of viands prepared according to city cookery ; and he

now felt sanguine of obtaining his master's consent to his marriage.

Gnatho had been greatly struck by Daphnis's display of skill, and was now more desirous than ever of inducing Astylus to make him a present of the young goat-herd. Accordingly, on finding Astylus alone in the garden, he accosted him, and leading him into the temple of Bacchus began to kiss his hands and feet. Astylus forthwith inquired why he did this, and urged him to speak out; whereupon Gnatho made known his request in very pressing terms. Astylus was moved by his entreaties, and promised, as a first step, that under pretence of requiring Daphnis as a slave, he would ask his father to take the youth to the city. Gnatho thereupon renewed his entreaties, and Astylus engaged to take an early opportunity of mentioning the subject to Dionysophanes.

It happened, however, that the conversation in the temple was overheard by Eudromus, the runner, who was greatly attached to the young goatherd on account of his amiable disposition. Unable to support the idea that one of so much comeliness and worth should be handed over to a sot like Gnatho, Eudromus gave information of what he had heard both to Daphnis and

Lamon. The former was so much alarmed at the tidings that he resolved either to fly the country with Chloe, or else to destroy both himself and the young shepherdess at the same time. Lamon, on his side, at once called Myrtales out of the house, and addressed her in these words :

“We are undone, my dear wife ! It is time for us to reveal what we have so long concealed. Whatever may become of our herds and all that belongs to us, though I myself be left without employment, like an old ox in the stall (as the saying is), I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will no longer keep the history of Daphnis a secret. I will tell how and where I found him exposed, I will explain how he was nursed, and I will show the tokens which were left with him. That vile Gnatho shall be enlightened concerning the youth whom he would fain carry away. All that I ask of you is to have the tokens ready !”

Having come to this resolution, Lamon and his wife went into the house again.

In the meantime Astylus having found his father disengaged, had begged his permission to take Daphnis home with them on their return, alleging that such a handsome youth was above his present rustic con-

dition, and that under Gnatho's tuition he would soon be able to discharge an attendant's duties in the city. Dionysophanes willingly complied with his son's request—and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, informed them as a piece of good news, that Daphnis was no longer to remain a goatherd, but would henceforth wait upon Astylus. At the same time he promised them two goatherds to supply the young man's place. Then, whilst the servants who had gathered around were rejoicing to hear that such a handsome youth was coming among them, Lamon begged leave to speak, and thus addressed his master :

“Be pleased, master,” said he, “to listen to an old man and hear the truth. I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter anything that is false. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor was Myrtale so fortunate as to be his mother. The parents of this youth, whosoever they were, exposed him in his infancy; possibly because they already had more children than they knew how to maintain. I found him lying on the ground, and one of my she-goats was suckling him. When she died, I buried her in the garden, for I was attached to her by reason of the way in which she discharged a mother's duty towards the

child. I found several tokens which had been left with the infant—that I confess; and I still preserve these tokens, which prove that the child was born to a higher station than that which he now fills. I am not so presumptuous as to slight the offer that he should become an attendant upon Astylus—an excellent servant to a virtuous and excellent master—but I cannot bear that he should fall into the hands of Gnatho.”

As Lamon finished his speech, he burst into tears. Gnatho, who was in a violent passion, threatened to strike him, but Dionysophanes darted a stern look at the parasite and ordered him to be silent. Then, quieting Lamon, he urged him to speak the truth and not to invent falsehoods merely in view of keeping his son at home. Lamon, however, persisted in his assertions, calling upon the Gods to be his witnesses and declaring that he was ready to submit to torture as proof that he was not speaking falsely.

Thereupon Dionysophanes and Clearista, who sat beside him, began as follows to examine the probability of the tale: “What motive could Lamon have to tell a falsehood, when two goatherds are offered him in lieu of one? How could a common rustic possibly invent such a tale? Besides it seems improbable that this

old man and that plain old woman should be the parents of such a handsome son."

Thereupon they both decided that further conjectures were out of place, and that they must forthwith examine the tokens to see whether they bespoke an illustrious parentage.

Accordingly Myrtale went to fetch the tokens from the old bag in which they had been preserved. Dionysophanes was the first to examine them, and when he saw the purple mantle, the golden clasp, and the little knife with the ivory hilt, he exclaimed, "Lord Jupiter!" and called to his wife to come and look at them. No sooner had Clearista beheld them than, on her side, she gave a loud shriek, and cried out, "O! ye propitious Fates! are not these the very tokens which we placed with our little one, when we sent Sophrosyne to leave him in this part of the country! They are, indeed, they are the very same. My husband! the child is ours. Daphnis is our son, and he has been tending his own father's goats!"

Before she had ceased speaking, and whilst Dionysophanes was kissing the tokens and shedding tears of joy, Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, threw off his cloak, and ran through the

garden to give him the first salute. But when Daphnis saw him approaching so swiftly, followed by a number of servants, and heard them all calling him by name, he imagined that they were coming to seize him and carry him off by violence. Accordingly he threw down his scrip and his pipe and ran towards the sea, with the determined resolution of throwing himself into it from the summit of a high rock ; and (strange to relate!) perhaps his parents might only have found him to lose him at once and forever. Indeed it would have proved so, if Astylus had not realised the occasion of his alarm, and called out to him as follows :

“Stop, stop, Daphnis, I am your brother ; and they who have hitherto been your masters, are now your parents. Lamon has just now given us a full account of the she-goat, and has shown us all the tokens which were found with you ! Look back ! see how joyful and happy we are ! But let me have the first kiss, brother. I swear by the Nymphs that I am not deceiving you.”

After no little hesitation, Daphnis was induced by this last solemn assertion to stop, and, waiting for Astylus, he received him with a kiss. While they were yet embracing, his father and mother came

up together with Lamon and Myrtale and all the men and maid servants, and threw their arms around him, and kissed him with tears of joy. Daphnis saluted his father and mother before all the rest, and as if he had long known them, he clasped his arms around them to press them to his breast. It seemed as though he wished never to part from their embrace: thus do the ties of Nature assert themselves.

For a time even he almost forgot his Chloe. His parents led him back to the house and gave him a costly garment; and when he had put it on, he sat down beside his real father, who spoke to the following effect:

“I married, my dear children, when I was very young; and in a short space of time became, so I considered, a very happy father. First a son was born to us, then a daughter, and then you, my Astylus. I thought my family now large enough, and accordingly, when Daphnis was born shortly after the others, I resolved to expose him, placing with him this cloak, knife and clasp, not as tokens by which he might hereafter be identified, but rather as funereal ornaments. Fortune, however, had other plans in view. My eldest son and my daughter died of the same disease

in one day ; but by the providence of the Gods, you, Daphnis, have been preserved that we might have additional support in our old age. Do not bear any ill will towards me because I exposed you, it was the Gods, not I, that willed it ; nor do you, Astylus, grieve that you will now have but a part of my estate instead of the whole of it ; for to a wise man no wealth is equal to the possession of a brother. Love each other, and you will be able to vie with princes. Extensive estates, numerous and dexterous servants, stores of gold and silver, indeed all that the happy and prosperous possess, will I leave to you in common. Only I reserve for Daphnis this particular estate with Lamon and Myrtale and the goats which he himself has tended."

Dionysophanes had scarcely finished speaking when Daphnis rose from his seat and said :

"Father, you have recalled my memory. I must go and lead my goats to water. They must be thirsty and are no doubt waiting to hear my pipe, whilst I sit idle here."

All those present laughed on hearing that Daphnis albeit now a master was still willing to act as goatherd. One of the servants was sent to tend the goats ; and

Daphnis and the rest of the company after sacrificing to Jove the Preserver sat down to a banquet. Gnatho was the only person absent; for so great was his fear on account of Daphnis that he remained in the Temple of Bacchus as a suppliant throughout the day and night.

The report that Dionysophanes had found his son and that Daphnis was master of the estate soon spread abroad; and early the next morning numbers of people flocked to the cottage from different parts, offering congratulations to the youth and presents to the father. Dryas, Chloe's foster-father, was among the first that arrived. Dionysophanes insisted that as they all shared in his joy, they should likewise all have a share in the entertainment that he had prepared. Wine and wheaten bread were provided in plenty, with wild fowl, sucking pigs, and sweetmeats of various kinds. Numerous victims were sacrificed to the rural deities and Daphnis collected all his pastoral equipments, and distributed them in separate offerings to the Gods. To Bacchus he presented his srip and goatskin coat. To Pan his pipe and transverse flute. To the Nymphs his crook, and the milkpails which he had made with his own hands. But the happiness to which we have been accustomed is often dearer than

unexpected good fortune, however great, and thus as Daphnis parted with each offering, he wept, as if he were parting from some old family friend. He could not suspend his milkpails in the grotto without milking his goats into them once more; he could not part with his coat without once more putting it on; nor could he quit his pipe without once more playing on it. He kissed each offering in turn before giving it up; he talked to his goats and called them by name and he once more drank from the fountain, because he and Chloe had so often quenched their thirst with its water. Still he did not yet venture to declare his love, preferring to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

While Daphnis was engaged in these rites, this is what happened to Chloe, as she sat watching her flock, weeping and complaining: "Daphnis has forgotten me. He is dreaming of marrying some wealthy maiden. Ah! why did I make him swear by his goats instead of by the Nymphs! He has forgotten them as he has forgotten me; he has been sacrificing to the Nymphs and to Pan, and yet he has never come to see his Chloe. Perhaps he has seen some other girl whom he deems preferable to me among his

* mother's maids. Farewell Daphnis! may you be happy; as for myself I cannot survive it."

Whilst she was thus giving expression to her thoughts, Lampis, the herdsman, suddenly came up with some rustics in view of carrying her off. Imagining that Daphnis would no longer think of marrying her, Lampis believed that if he once had the maiden in his power, Dryas would be well content to let him keep her as a wife. Whilst she was being borne away, crying and shrieking, some one who had witnessed this act of violence hastened to inform Nape of it. Nape thereupon informed Dryas, and Dryas communicated the tidings to Daphnis. Distracted at the intelligence, and albeit desirous of succouring Chloe yet afraid to explain matters to his father, the youth repaired to the outer walk of the garden and thus gave vent to the bitterness of his grief:

"What a source of sorrow has the discovery of my parents become to me! how much better would it have been for me had I continued tending my herds! How much happier I was as a slave, for then I could behold my Chloe!—but now Lampis has borne her away, and perhaps this very night she will become his wife,

whilst I am here drinking and feasting! Was it in vain then that I swore by Pan, by my goats, and by the Nymphs as well?"

Now, it happened that Gnatho, who was lurking in the garden, overheard this lament, and conceived that a favourable opportunity had now arrived for effecting a reconciliation with Daphnis. Accordingly he collected some of Astylus's varlets, and repairing to Dryas, desired that he would conduct them to the place where Lampis dwelt. They overtook the herdsman as he was dragging Chloe into his house, rescued her from him, and gave his companions, the rustics, a severe beating. Gnatho also wished to seize and bind Lampis, and lead him off like a prisoner of war, but the rogue was too nimble and managed to effect his escape.

After accomplishing this exploit Gnatho returned to the farm. It was already night, and Dionysophanes had retired to rest. However, Gnatho found Daphnis still in the garden, where he was weeping and lamenting bitterly. He thereupon presented Chloe to him, and gave him an account of the whole affair, beseeching him to forget all his resentment, and to retain him in his service (in which he would prove himself of use)

rather than banish him from his father's table, which would deprive him of his bread. When Daphnis saw Chloe restored to him by Gnatho, he speedily became reconciled to the latter, and began to apologise to the maiden for his apparent neglect.

They then held a consultation and Daphnis was at first minded to marry Chloe secretly, and to keep her in concealment, acquainting none save her own mother with the truth. But Dryas would not agree with this plan, he preferred to communicate everything to Daphnis's father, and undertook the task of obtaining his consent. Accordingly, on the morrow at daybreak, taking with him in his scrip the tokens that he had found with Chloe, he presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, who were sitting with Daphnis and Astylus in the garden. Then requesting their attention, he addressed them in these words :

“A necessity similar to that which influenced Lamon now urges me to publish circumstances, which hitherto have never been divulged. I am not Chloe's father, nor was she at first reared by me. Another begat her, and a ewe suckled her in yonder Grotto of the Nymphs, where she lay exposed. I saw this with my own eyes, and was astonished. Influenced by my

feelings I adopted her. Her beauty confirms what I say: for she resembles neither myself nor my wife. Moreover the tokens which I found with her, prove the truth of what I assert; for they are too valuable to belong to any shepherd. Examine them, endeavour to find the maiden's relatives, and perhaps she will prove worthy of becoming your son's wife."

These last words were not spoken undesignedly by Dryas, nor did they fail to attract the attention of Dionysophanes, who, turning his eyes upon Daphnis, and observing that he changed colour, whilst a tear stole down his cheeks, easily discovered the youth's love for Chloe. Regard for his own child rather than for the girl induced him to carefully inquire into the story that Dryas had related, and when he had viewed the tokens, the gilt sandals, the anklets, and the head-dress, he called Chloe to him, and told her not to be dispirited, for she had already found a husband, and would probably soon discover her real father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became one who was her son's intended bride. Dionysophanes in the meantime called Daphnis aside and questioned him in regard to Chloe. The youth replied that nothing had passed between them save the

exchange of vows and kisses, whereat Dionysophanes was well pleased and bade them join the banquet.

It now became manifest that beauty is enhanced by adornment. Indeed Chloe, richly attired, with her hair braided and her face shining from the bath, looked far more beautiful than before, and Daphnis himself could barely recognise her. Any spectator, without even knowing her history, would have sworn that she could not be the daughter of Dryas. Nevertheless the latter was invited to the banquet at which he and Nape together with Lamon and Myrtale reclined upon the same couch.

On the following day victims were again sacrificed to the Gods; libations were prepared, and Chloe hung her pastoral equipments, her pipe, scrip, goatskin cloak, and milkpails in the grotto. She mingled wine with the water of the fountain, beside which she had been suckled, and in which she had so often bathed; and she hung a garland on the ewe's grave, which Dryas pointed out to her. Then she piped a farewell to her flocks and prayed the Nymphs that her parents might prove worthy of her union with Daphnis.

When the party grew tired of rural festivities, they resolved to return to the city, in view of trying to dis-

cover Chloe's parents so that the marriage might not be deferred. Accordingly at break of day they prepared for their journey; and before departing Dionysophanes gave Dryas another three thousand drachmas, whilst Lamon and his wife obtained their freedom together with some winter garments, the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, and liberty to reap half the corn, and gather half the grapes annually for their own use.

Then the party took the road to Mitylene, with a great train of horses and vehicles. It was night when they reached the city, so that for the time they escaped the notice of the citizens; but early the next day a multitude of men and women flocked to the abode of Dionysophanes, whom the men congratulated on having found his son, the more particularly when they saw how handsome Daphnis was. Meanwhile the women gave Clearista joy, inasmuch as she had not only discovered her son, but had found a maiden worthy to be his bride. Chloe, indeed, obtained the admiration even of her own sex, for her beauty was so perfect that it could not be surpassed. The entire city was in a bustle on account of the youth and the damsel. It was already predicted that the marriage would be a happy one, and many were the wishes that

the maiden's parents might prove to be of a rank commensurate with her charms. Many of the richest matrons prayed to the Gods that she might be reputed to be their daughter.

Now it happened that Dionysophanes, fatigued with anxious thought, fell into a deep slumber, in which he beheld the following vision. It seemed to him that he saw the Nymphs requesting the god of Love to give his consent to the marriage. Cupid slackened the string of his bow, placed it by the side of his quiver, and then addressing Dionysophanes, told him to invite the chief citizens of Mitylene to a banquet, and, after filling the last goblet, to display to them the tokens which had been found with Chloe, and then to begin the hymeneal song. Accordingly, on the morrow, Dionysophanes ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, in which all the delicacies that the sea, the earth, the lakes, and the rivers could produce were to be collected together. All the chief citizens of Mitylene were his guests. When night was come and when the goblet had been filled to pour out the libation to Mercury, a slave brought forward the tokens in a silver basin, and holding them in his right hand carried them round and exhibited them to the guests.

Nobody acknowledged them, until one Megacles, who by reason of his advanced age was honoured with the highest couch, cried out in a loud voice :

“What do I behold ! What has been the fate of my daughter ! Is she then alive ? or did some shepherd find these things, and carry them away ? Tell me, I pray you, Dionysophanes, how did you come by these tokens of my child ? Now that you have found your son, do not enviously begrudge me the discovery of my daughter.”

Dionysophanes desired him first of all to give them an account of the exposure of his daughter ; where-upon in the same loud and eager tone he replied :

“Formerly my means were scanty, for I had expended my fortune in fitting out galleys and equipping choruses. While I was in this situation I had a daughter born to me. Loath to bring her up to the miseries of poverty, and knowing that there are many who are willing to adopt the children of others, I arrayed her with those very ornaments and exposed her. She was carried to the Grotto of the Nymphs, and committed to their protection. From that time forward wealth began to pour in upon me every day ; but I had no heir to enjoy it, for fortune denied me

even another daughter. The Gods, too, seemed ever bent on mocking me by sending me visions at night, which seemed to signify that a ewe would make me a father."

Loud as had been the tone in which Megacles had spoken, yet louder was the voice in which Dionysophanes replied. Springing from his couch and leading in the richly attired Chloe, he exclaimed:

"This is the child whom you exposed. This maiden, through the providence of the Gods, was suckled by a ewe, and preserved for you; as Daphnis, indeed was reared by a goat, and saved for me. Take the tokens, and your daughter: take her, and bestow her as a bride on Daphnis. Both were exposed; both have been again found by their parents; both have been under the peculiar protection of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love."

Megacles immediately assented, clasped Chloe to his bosom, and sent for Rhode, his wife, that she might share his joy. That night they slept in the house of Dionysophanes, for Daphnis had sworn by the Gods that he would not part with Chloe even to her own father.

The next morning they all agreed to repair once more into the country. Daphnis and Chloe proposed

this course for they were already tired of the city; and, they had formed a scheme for celebrating their nuptials in a pastoral manner.

Upon their arrival at Lamon's abode, they began by introducing Dryas to Megacles and Nape to Rhode; and then, while preparations were being made for a splendid festival, Megacles led Chloe to the grotto, and again devoted her to the guardianship of the Nymphs. Amongst other things he suspended the tokens as offerings to the deities; and he increased the six thousand drachmas which Dryas now possessed to ten thousand.

As the day was beautifully serene, couches of green leaves were, by the orders of Dionysophanes, spread in the grotto, and all the villagers were invited to the feast. Lamon and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's kinsmen, Philetas with his sons, Chromis and Lycæ-nium were among the guests. Even Lampis was there, having been forgiven. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character. The reaping song was sung; and all the jokes of the vintage season were repeated. Philetas played on the pipe and Lampis on the flute, whilst Lamon and Dryas danced, and Chloe and Daphnis exchanged kisses. The goats came

and grazed near them, as if they also were desirous of partaking of the festival. This was not to the liking of the dainty city folks, but Daphnis summoned each of the herd by name, and gave them all some leaves, which they ate out of his hand, whilst he held them by the horns and kissed them.

And indeed, not only upon that day but during the remainder of their lives, did Daphnis and Chloe lead a pastoral life, gathering together large herds and flocks, paying especial worship to the Nymphs, to Pan, and to the God of Love, and finding no food more delicious than the fruits of autumn, and the milk of their flocks. And moreover they caused their first child, a boy, whom they named Philopœmen, to be suckled by a goat; and their second, a girl, whom they called Agele, to be reared by a ewe. In this wise they lived in the fields to a good old age. They adorned the Grotto of the Nymphs; erected statues; raised an altar to Cupid the Shepherd; and in place of the pine reared a temple and dedicated it to Pan the Warrior.

But all this came to pass long afterwards. On the occasion we are now speaking of, all the guests conducted them to the bridal chamber when night had fallen, some playing on pipes, some on flutes, and



Gerard del.

Velard sc.

others carrying lighted torches; and on arriving at the door they began to sing the nuptial hymn in harsh and rugged tones, which resounded like a chorus of labourers breaking up the soil with mattocks. Meantime Daphnis and Chloe retired to rest, and, wakeful like the owls, kissed and embraced one another all night long. Then it was that Daphnis bethought himself of the teachings of Lycænum, and that Chloe, for the first time in her life, realised that their caresses in the woods and fields had been but so much child's play.



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